

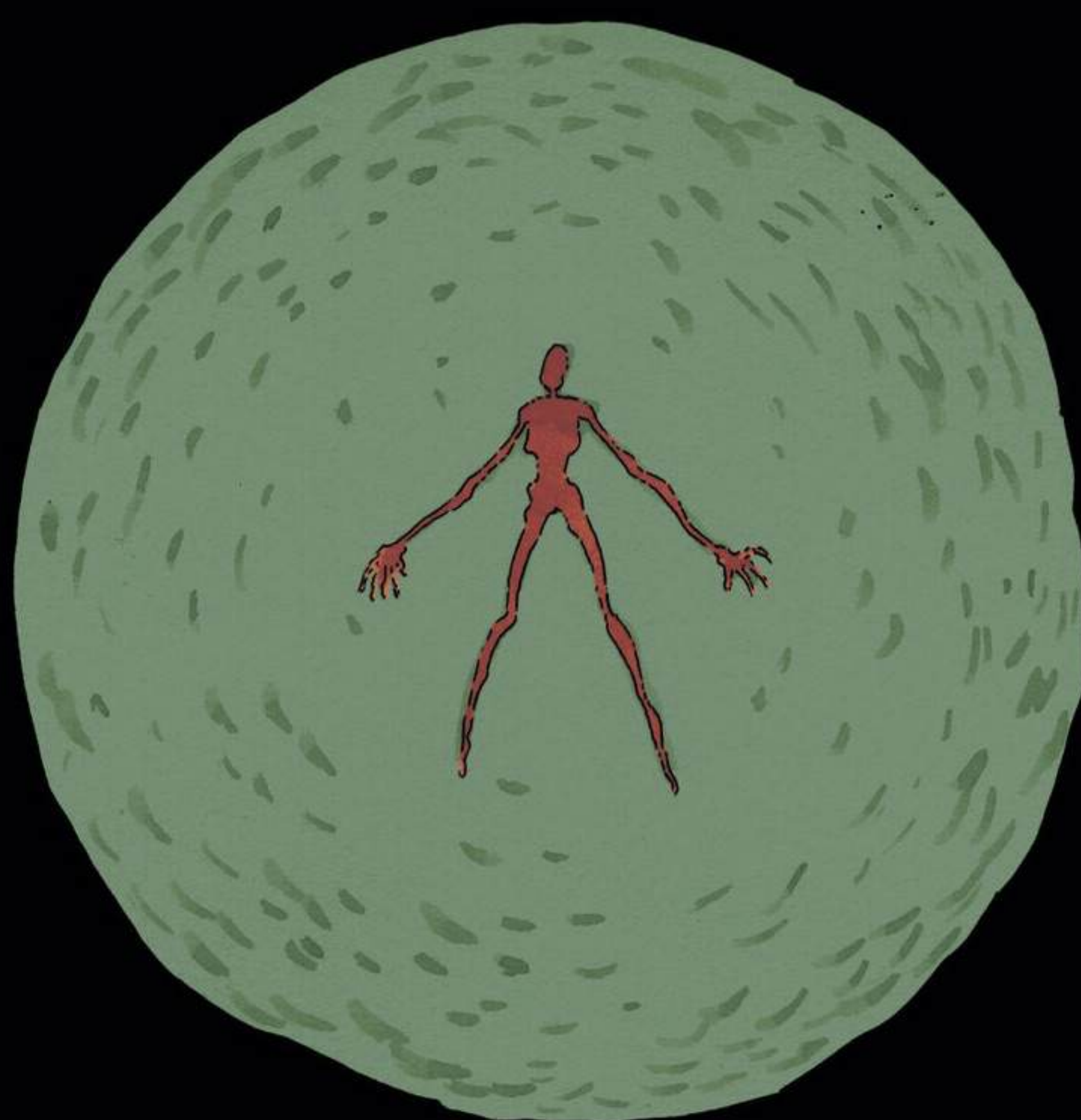
INTO THE UNBEING™

PART TWO



THOMPSON SHERMAN CAMPBELL

INTO THE
UNBEINGTM
PART TWO



INTO THE
UNBEING
PART TWO

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INTO THE UNBEING: PART TWO

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Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Names: Thompson, Zac, author. | Sherman, Hayden, artist. | Campbell, Jim (Letterer), letterer.

Title: Into the unbeing. Part one / scripts by Zac Thompson ; line art & colors by Hayden Sherman ; letters by Jim Campbell.

Description: First edition. | Milwaukie, OR : Dark Horse Books, 2024. |

Summary: "A group of climate scientists working in a remote base camp on the Australian outback discover an impossible landform. Led by botanist Hildur Johansson, the team sets out to conduct a routine exploratory mission to map the terrain, record their observations, and try to understand this anomalous landscape"-- Provided by publisher.

Identifiers: LCCN 2024028350 (print) | LCCN 2024028351 (ebook) | ISBN 9781506742809 (trade paperback) | ISBN 9781506742823 (ebook)

Subjects: LCGFT: Horror comics. | Graphic novels.

Classification: LCC PN6733.T58 I58 2024 (print) | LCC PN6733.T58 (ebook) | DDC 741.5/971--dc23/eng/20240621

LC record available at <https://lcn.loc.gov/2024028350>

LC ebook record available at <https://lcn.loc.gov/2024028351>

Published by Dark Horse Books
A division of Dark Horse Comics LLC

10956 SE Main Street
Milwaukie, OR 97222
DarkHorse.com

Represented in the EU by
Authorised Rep Compliance Ltd.
Ground Floor, 71 Lower Baggot Street
Dublin, D02 P593, Ireland
ARCCompliance.com

First edition: October 2025
Ebook ISBN 978-1-50674-283-0
Trade paperback ISBN 978-1-50674-281-6

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2
Printed in China



COVER ART BY MATÍAS BERGARA



Matías Bergara





My beloved Tamsen,

Sixty days since we left Halifax and I now long for the icy Atlantic waters. Isn't that absurd?

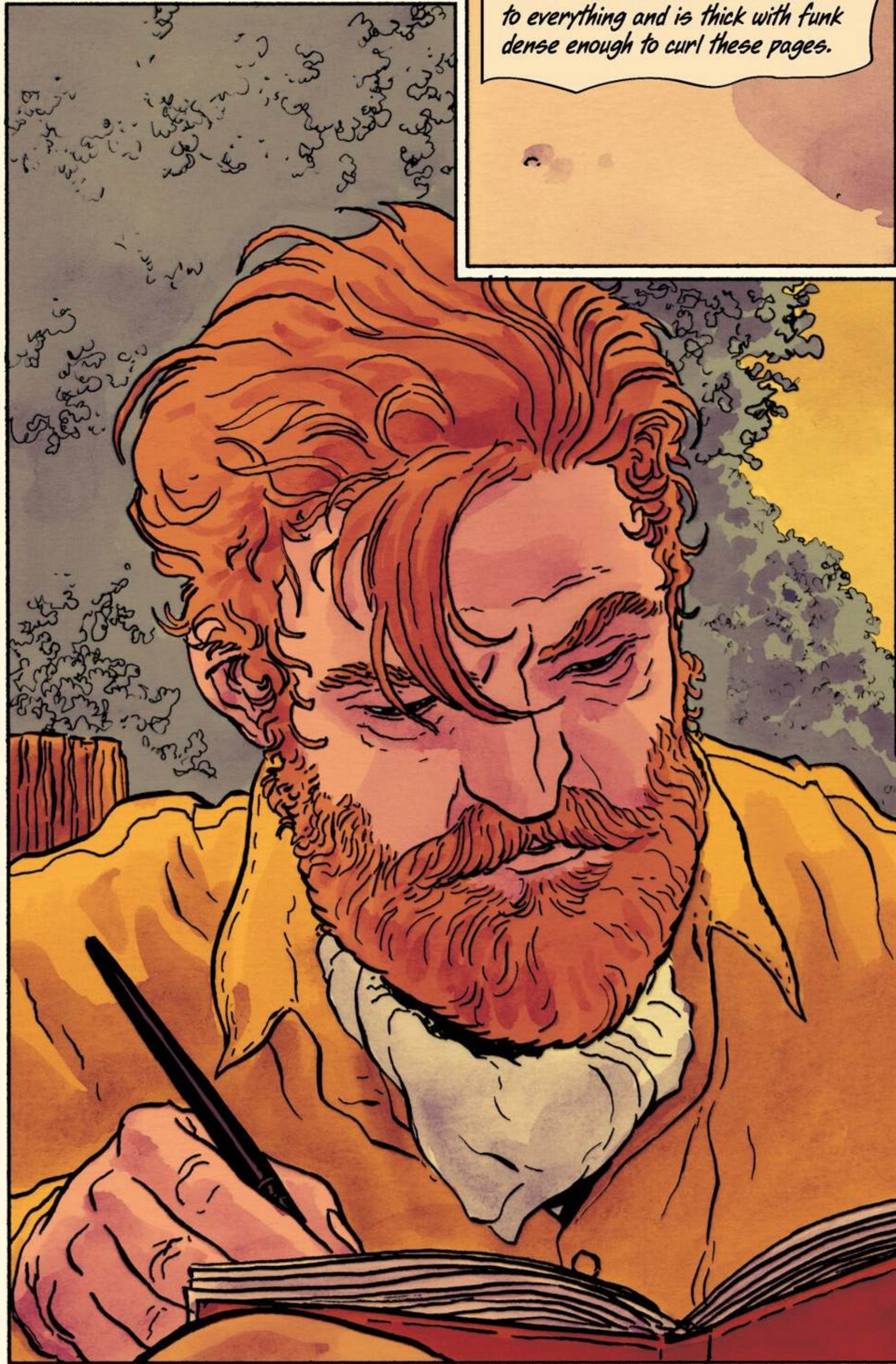


Tamsen,
s since we left Halifax
ow long for the icy
ic waters. Isn't that
rd?
razil is miserable. Th
sticks to everything
thick with funk
curl these
is enough.

Brazil is miserable. The air sticks to everything and is thick with funk dense enough to curl these pages.



I must admit, it weighs heavily on my lungs. But the burden on my soul is far heavier.



I haven't been honest with you. So this account must act as both an official record.

And an apology.

I wasn't sent here by the University and Aldous isn't at boarding school. I took him with me.

The Nautilus Exploratory Science Society hired me to lead the search for a hitherto undiscovered being taller than a Brixham Trawler.



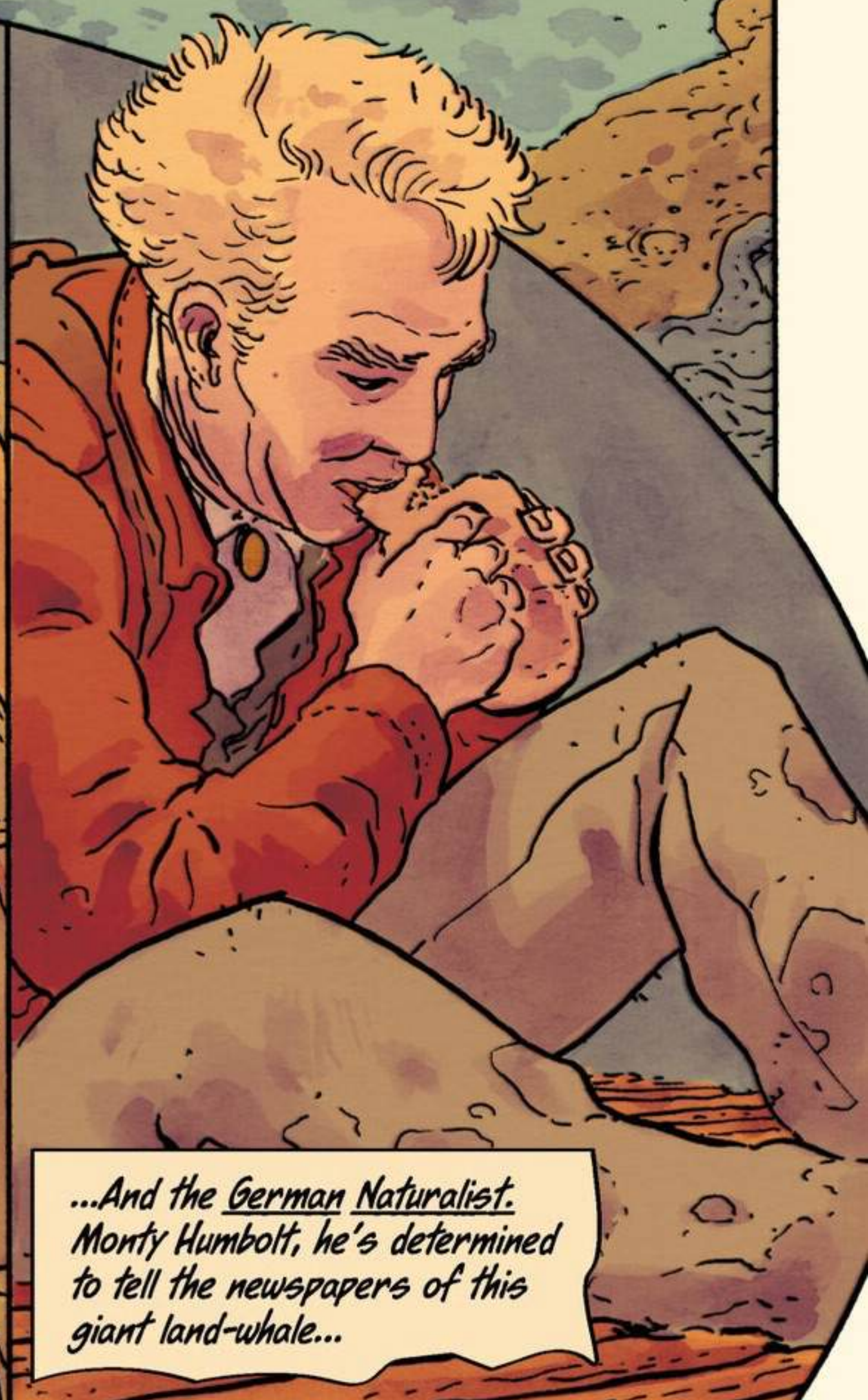
So please know what I do next,
I do in the interest of truth,
science and our Lord God.

If we find this leviathan,
we stand to make a
fortune.

There appears to be nothing on
the boy's mind other than
excitement. But it's my other
companions I worry about.



The American Paul Elswitt.
A silver-mining scoundrel
here to siphon blood from
our prey...



...And the German Naturalist.
Monty Humbolt, he's determined
to tell the newspapers of this
giant land-whale...

...they are more
foreign to me than
the punishing
landscape.



Paul,
we need to
head due
South.

It'll be
hellish to
hack through,
Edwin.



With every step we advanced, the jungle moved to meet us.

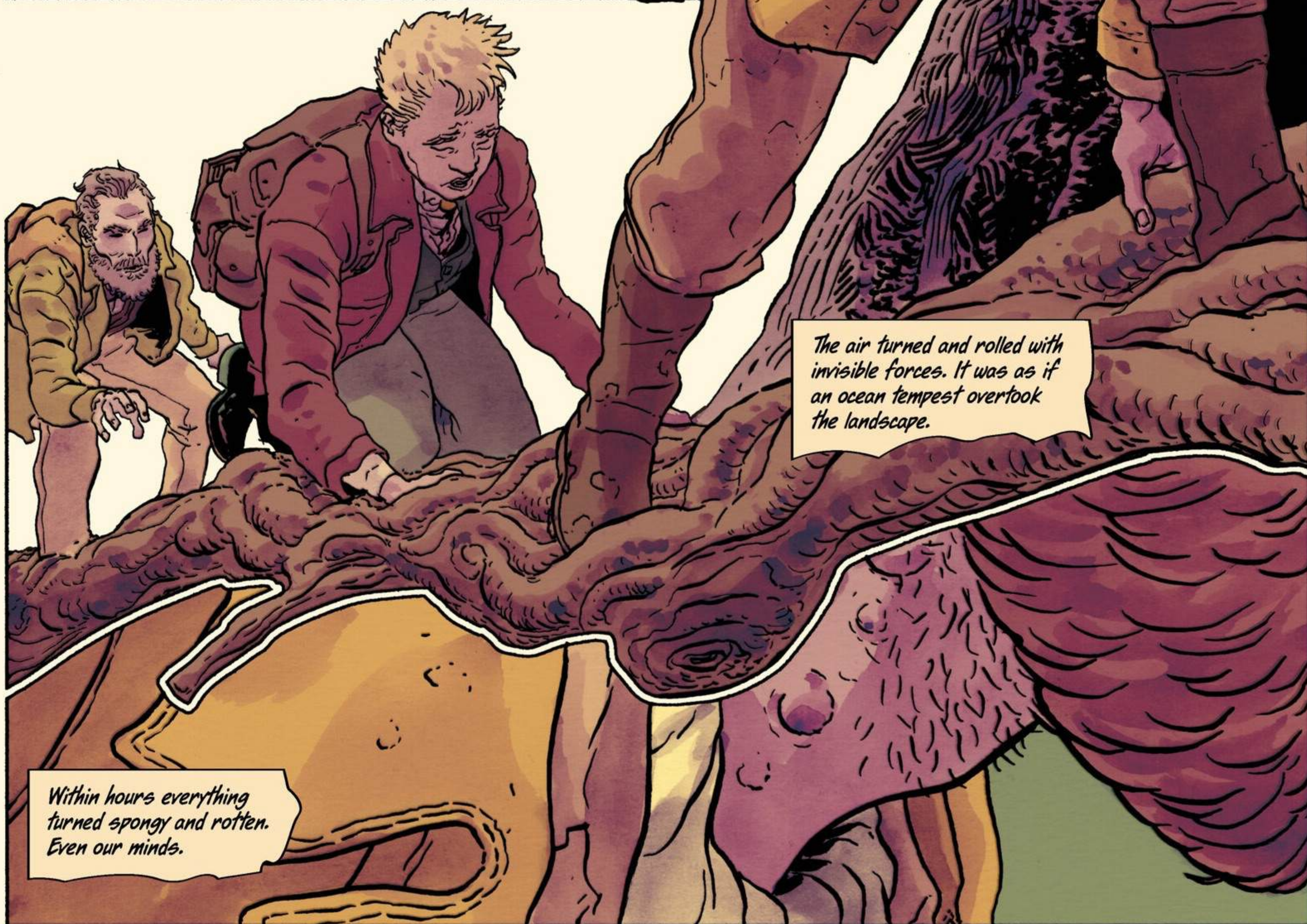
By day two, my muscles strained and my head hammered with feverish exhaustion.

Thunder clapped from the sky but no rain came to meet it.

KRAKOW

A strange mood infected the trees.

**TAK
TAK
TAK**



The air turned and rolled with invisible forces. It was as if an ocean tempest overtook the landscape.

Within hours everything turned spongy and rotten. Even our minds.



After the third night of perpetual motion, we teetered on a knife's edge.

The leviathan must move or have territory! There would be *some* evidence! Felled trees! Something!

I know it seems odd. But we must trust *the map*!



This expedition is a fool's errand, Mr. Hall! We're chasing a tall tale meant for simple minds!



Trust me, I hold similar doubts. But to quell our minds we must follow the manuscript's instructions.

They were clear. The leviathan sleeps beyond this *ridge*.

AHHHH!



TAK

Father...I'm scare--



--Nonsense. Don't utter such gloom.

There's been enough bickering for tonight. It's another long day tomorrow.

By dawn, Monty succumbed to his injuries. We dug a shallow grave but needed to conserve energy.

By midday, Paul's foot soured inside his rotten boot. We had no choice but to leave him, too.

And by dusk, my mind was susceptible to insidious thoughts. My sweet boy was hungry, tired, afraid. I was ashamed.

Our gear was sodden. Our compass was lost. I was desperate. There was nowhere left to go for shelter...

We were being watched. Perhaps by other creatures--perhaps by the jungle itself.

I detected no game among the trees. Perhaps something devoured every other living thing out here.

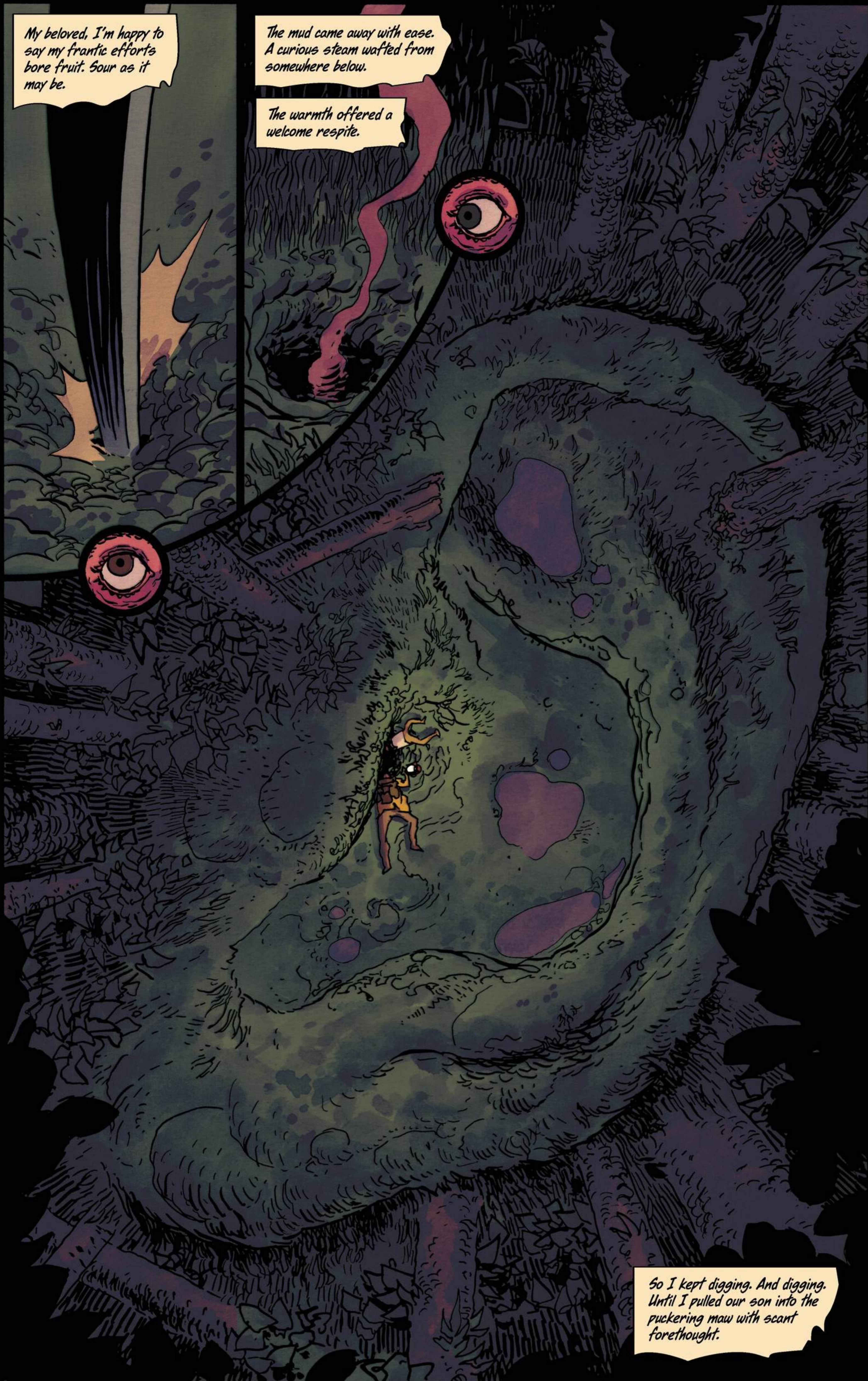
Where are we, Father?!
Where do we go?!

...but into the Earth.

My beloved, I'm happy to say my frantic efforts bore fruit. Sour as it may be.

The mud came away with ease. A curious steam wafted from somewhere below.

The warmth offered a welcome respite.



So I kept digging. And digging. Until I pulled our son into the puckering maw with scant forethought.

April 3, 1877

I've cursed myself for that wretched choice ever since. Yes, the maw welcomed us. But as we sunk, we squeezed through some sort of sausage casing. The walls undulated, were warm to the touch, and glistened as they oozed a sour aroma. Like sweet apple pie left to rot in the summer sun. As the tubing pushed and prodded us along, a vile mood boiled my mind. I retched hard. The air shot from my lungs. My vision lulled into darkness. Wretched darkness.

Lord knows how long I've slept...but I awoke, comfortable, atop my bedroll. Far as I can surmise, the month is...April. We're beyond the solstice but surrounded by endless night. I have been awake four... days and the sun has yet to rise. It is difficult to fully account for time. Not that it matters. Turns out, Aldous--our brilliant boy--he erected the tent, prepared my bedroll and kept us shielded from the elements. Can you believe that? You will be so proud of him when we get home.

Admittedly, the experience shook him. Aldous hasn't said a word in...days. I shudder to think of what's troubling his mind. He is so terrified of the dark. And was here, alone, for some...time. But we have some light. There appears to be something...flickering in the distance. A flame... perhaps.

Aldous conserved our lantern oil but I fear it's time to set out. We haven't much else to occupy our thoughts. Though our boy was well intentioned. He made camp on boggy marshland. This...morning we woke to two inches of rainwater soaking our bedrolls. I didn't sleep last... night. Over hours I felt every insect skim over the water, over my body. They pecked and sucked at my exposed flesh. I thought of Father Krieger back home in Halifax with you, my love. I thought to myself about the medical sciences. I thought of the diocese. And of the disease crawling within these creatures. But Aldous slept the whole night without an utterance. So I said nothing for fear of scaring him.

This has to end. When he wakes, we'll pack up and set off.

April 111.

We searched the barren landscape, lost in oily darkness, for some... time. The distant lantern was far too dim to reveal much ahead. Mostly shadows, impressions, light movement. The journey was slow. Tedious. Again, Aldous said nothing. Nor did I.

We pressed through the ink blotted dark. Always heading to the distant lantern. Its flicker was our horizon. It beckoned us along as it swayed in an unseen current. As we drew nearer, we saw the lantern was held by a swaggering man atop a hill. Even though he was more than fifty yards away... I felt him leering at us. An awful certainty coiled in my mind...

I wanted nothing to do with this man. I wanted to turn back. But I knew we had no choice but clamber up those slippery rocks toward him. I pulled Aldous onto my back. I bore the brunt of both our weights as we forged ahead to the man's hill. It was cumbersome work in the blinding black. My muscles stretched to thin ribbons. They still burn in revolt. But when I pulled us onto the precipice and we saw that cave. Everything changed.

I wondered if that mountain man was in there. I wondered if he wanted us to find this place. But I knew somewhere in the 'gaping maw--we'd find answers. Comfort. Solace. We'd find somewhere dry. Maybe somewhere we could build a fire.

Inside the shallow mouth was a long-abandoned shelter. We were not the first to find this refuge. If that mountain man was here... he'd left. In his place we found an ashen fire pit and the remains of three other men. Long dead. Their skulls adorned with large indents. Holes bore right between the eyes.

Aldous didn't say anything. I'm so grateful for his stoic determinism in the face of such troubling sights. I'm so proud of him, darling. Tonight, we will rest with these old bones and tomorrow we will do our best to survive.

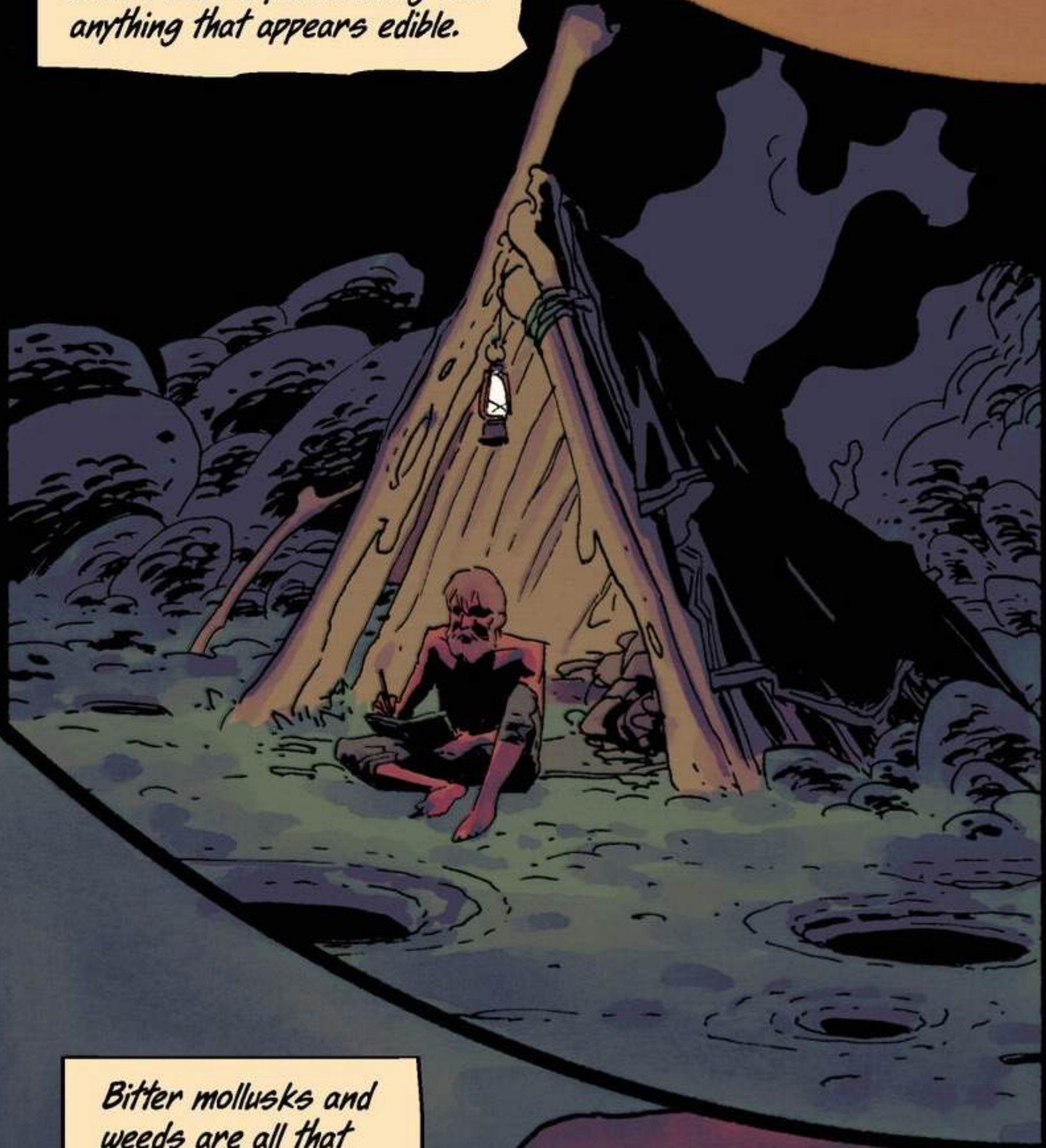
I can no longer say with confidence that I write to you as a diversion.

I fear it's to lift my spirits. After many excruciating days of climbing we have reached a cruel forest.

I managed to build a simple lean-to but my ability to do simple tasks is hindered. Supplies are few. Food is gone.

I have been experimenting with anything that appears

I have been experimenting with anything that appears edible.



Bitter mollusks and weeds are all that sustain us.

Even here, everything still glistens. Making fire is impossible...but the ground is warm to the touch.

We have found no way back to the surface.



It is impossible to properly orient yourself here.

We must move. But where could we possibly go next?

Every day we search for better, more fruitful ground. I fear if we don't find some relief soon, we may have to dig deeper.

Though the thought of deeper fills me with revulsion.

It's been...weeks since we've found anything other than filthy still water. I'm worried about our boy.

I am in a near delirious state. Perhaps...disease swarms inside my body, churning everything with hunger.

But... I'm trying to put on my best face for Aldous.

The poor child must be scared half to death.

He still hasn't said a word.

What kind of man will I become if he never speaks again?



*In addition to my duty as a Father,
I am cataloging every creature I
see...but it's all...so...much.*

*Birds of abundant, brazen
plumage parting the night air.*



*Strange, dangerous
game grazing among
amethyst trees.*



*Babbling brooks of black
syrup. Fouled and spoiled.
Unfit to drink.*



*Fruiting bodies that
waver with breath.*

*Neither the Lord, nor
science, know anything
of such sights.*

To be honest, I
thought I was
prepared...

N.E.S.S. warned me that
this...leviathan could
create such spectacles.
But...bearing witness
is truly...indescribable.

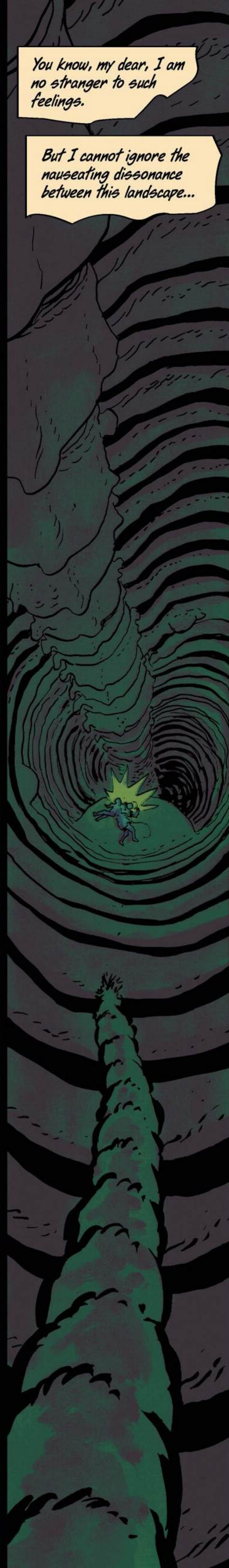
Yet here I am,
trying, like a
raving fool...

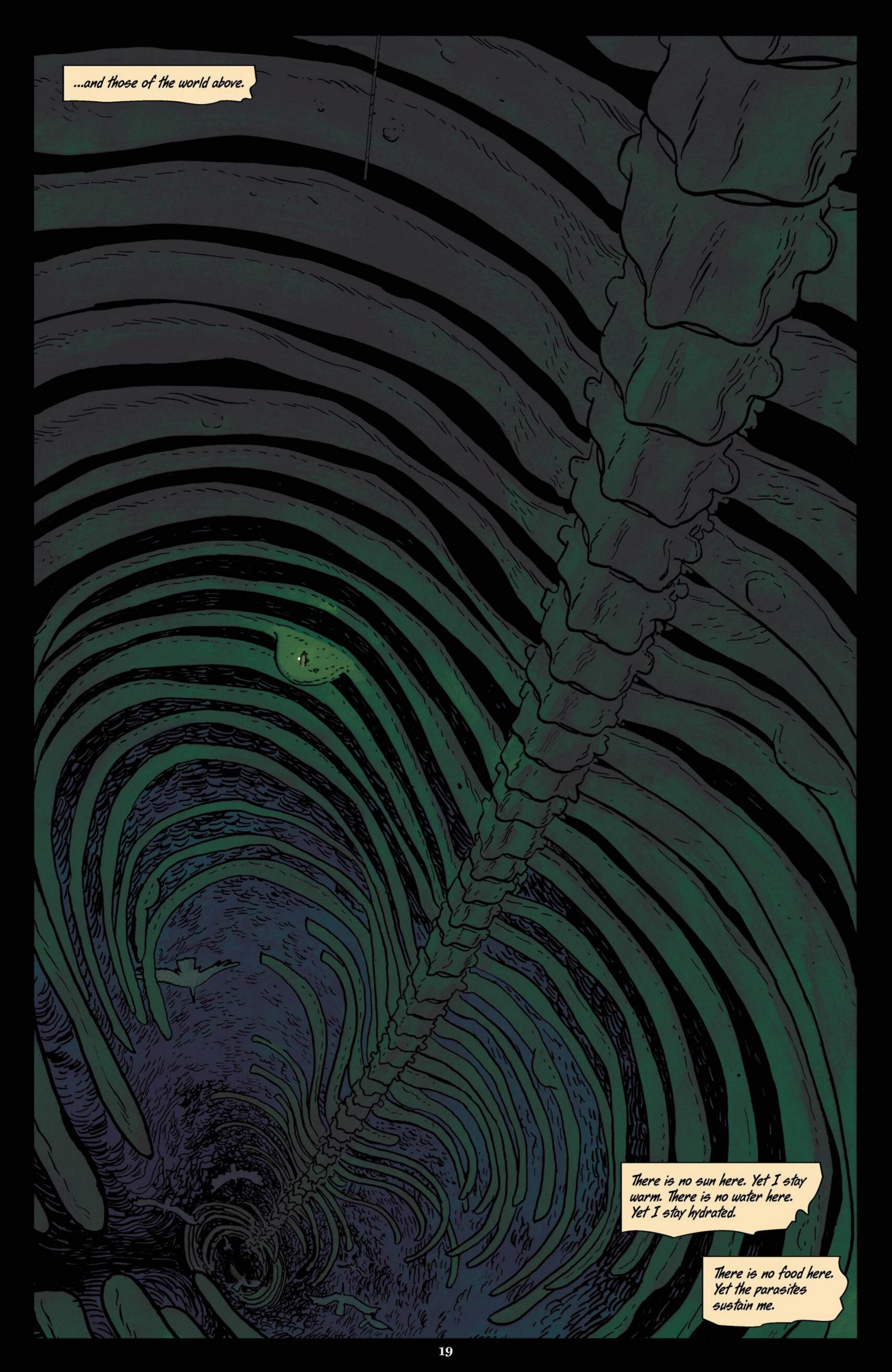
I am trapped in...
some uncanny
wilderness...

...and I am humbled
as it meets me with
cruel indifference...

You know, my dear, I am
no stranger to such
feelings.

But I cannot ignore the
nauseating dissonance
between this landscape...





...and those of the world above.

There is no sun here. Yet I stay warm. There is no water here. Yet I stay hydrated.

There is no food here. Yet the parasites sustain me.

*My beloved. Seeing as this
might be the end for me, it's
time I come clean...*

*...I'm sorry. It all sounds mad
to commit to ink. I'm starving
and...my skull is fractured...*

*...But...I feel...fine. I am of sound
mind. I've charted every hill, valley,
waterway, and mountain inside this
godforsaken place...*

*...and I have reached
one conclusion.*

Day 523

I am inside the center of the Earth within some wellspring of creation. A continuous gestation takes place here. And only now do I understand what the dullards at N.E.S.S wanted with this so-called "leviathan". It's a source of limitless transmutation. A profound alchemy can happen here. Where...

...I'm so hungry. Aldous stopped eating. How I worry about him.

Over the last few... months... the gnawing in my stomach hasn't diminished. I've noticed the horse hair binding on my journal has grown two centimeters from its spine. The thread has no reason to grow and yet it does. Perhaps those fine hairs dangling, wagging like tongues, offer a sign. Though strange, it pales to the other sights, I can mostly ignore it. Mostly.

I cannot ignore my hunger. It conspires against me.

I can't give in. There is still much to report. Scientifically, something profound happened here. It changed this journal. The leather cover stock meets me with the warm touch of another's hand. It blooms with color as it sits in my lap. Sometimes it matches the hue of my skin. The journal is lined with new grooves and ridges, like the fine details of a finger. I trace my thumb over them and shudder. I feel a strange sensation not unlike lying with you, Tamsen. Hunger. Please. I just hope you understand. These things need to be done sometimes.

It's the law of the sea. Don't you understand? When sailors are stranded. It's an unspoken rule that they'll do this if it comes to it. These are dire times, beloved. And I fear I haven't been entirely honest with you. Aldous perished long ago. His corpse is dark. Like braised beef. He smells of rot but only softly.

It's not a sin to eat meat.

No one would know. And you won't blame me, will you?



That's where it ends...

He's been here a while. I think he knows the way out.

Yeah. Not sure I'm buying it.

I'm sorry, dear. But this is a lot to believe.

You really think that...*thing* is some 19th Century explorer? And what if he ate his kid?

It scares me, but I don't know...we're here together. The journal seems...authentic. That's why you *had* to hear it.

Intuition is hardly science, Hildur.

You're one to talk, Abby.



Look at *it*.

Base but clearly sentient in some recognizable way. Perhaps he was changed by the environment.

So that's...*the thing* we saw on our first day?

I'm not sure.

But it kept me safe and seems to know this landscape well.

You *really* think it knows the way out? Because--



--Can we trust it?



Can we trust anybody?



We've just spent hours sharing stories, bringing each other up to speed, but there's only one thing on my mind.

What created this tension between them?



I know your journey was strenuous and overwhelming but...

...what *exactly* happened to Selva?



She fell a great distance, broke both her legs and succumbed to her injuries.



She's lying. Why would she do that?



C'mon. Time to settle in.

I'm not sure we can trust that... crusader. I'm more concerned as to why S.I.N.E.W. sent us *here*.

And why did you lead us inside, Hildur?



I didn't follow a secret agenda or force you to follow me.

Since we're interrogating. What does *here* mean to you, Abby?

I'm wondering the same.

I believe... well, I think you both know what I believe.



This isn't God, Abby.

Zero chance of that. My best guess is a prehistoric biome. Somehow sealed away, radically alive.

Aye. Aye.



It ain't none of 'at. And I dew know way out. Eh?



Food. Grill 'n eat. Then we move.

Much 'urther ta go.



Ladies, we're heading back to the surface.

Aye.



If you want to leave, you're welcome to come along.

You both want to leave, right?



Sorry, maybe a stupid question.



I just want to make sure we're doing this as a group.



I...want to stay.

Yeh. Yeh.

What? No...



We *need* to leave.



But... don't any of you understand what's happening to us?



=PSCH=



I tells ya. Eh?



You're gonna break my heart, Abby.

But with or without you, we're leaving.



I know, I know. It's okay.



I don't tell them the entire truth. Not yet.

Because the truth is...this place has changed me too.

It was harrowing just to get here. I'm sure the same is true for all of us.

They don't want to talk any further about it. Good. Neither do I. Better to focus on the climb.

Better to focus on getting out. Zara and I are a team. No matter what.

I can respect where she's coming from, too.

The fucked up thing is... Abby came with us today, she didn't say a word. I respect that.

The tremendous and entirely novel biodiversity is enough to stop *anyone* dead.

Aye. Been a while. Eh? Figures.

We follow zah *Phantgalls*. Day'll graze yonder way from the *Avers* teef. Eh?

'Hen we hit the... Sweaty basin. Pray we don't see no *Avers*. C'mon. Eh?

CHAPTER V

BEYOND THE BONE WALL

Time and again, the landscape forces my attention. The present stops. My eyes cross themselves and...

...I'm lost... desperate...

...radically insignificant.

No one's waiting for me. Does it even matter if I leave?

Maybe not
but *I* have
to try.

Let's camp
here for the
night.

Sounds
good.

Agreed.

I'm not sure I can trust
any of them to see this
through.

But my senses are
shot. I can't do
this alone.

Zara's determined
but I sense she's
still holding back.

I don't know how but Abby's...
changed. I don't recognize her
and it scares me.

And...where to even
start with Edwin...
The Stranger...

≡PANT≡

≡PANT≡

Watch
it!



WRGGHH

Hisssss

Aver!
Run!





I don't think any
of us believed him.

And yet, we
made camp.

Edwin is almost certainly
insane. Maybe we're insane
for following him.

But he's also, almost certainly, the
creature we saw on the mountain in
Gibson's Desert on that first day.

I think he's taking us through an arm
toward the fingers. The fingers being
that same mountain...

...I feel terrible keeping this
secret but I need to get Zara
alone. Confide in her.

Because what the hell are
we gonna do about Abby?







I'm mapping our journey to the best of my ability.

It's in the tunnels where things get... scattered. I tried topographical analysis...

I'm just confused as to how **further down** is the way out...

That map seems insane.

Am I insane for trusting Zara?

No. You saw the same spinal column, the lungs, the stomach.

Something about her work, that structure, makes sense.

Let's ask *the* *surveyor* for insight.

Abby, come take a look at this!

Do we have to?

What do you make of it?

Well, it's rather hard to read...

Abby's full of shit.

...but not much.

Enuff bickerin' eh?



Dis way,
eh?

Water's
just as
warm as
the air.

PANT
PANT

These
are wet-bulb
temperatures,
for sure.

Uhhh,
you two
seeing these
canoes?

Edwin,
where did
these come
from?

I made'em.
Wit things
I found
yonder.

I live
off this
land,
see?

'Ets go,
now.

Tew
in a boat.
Yeah?

I believe
that makes
sense.

Are there
others living
here?

PLAP
PLAP

As I look out at an impossible ocean, I'm flooded by this...exhilarating sense that forward is better than back.

CHAPTER VI

THE COLLAPSED UMB



Forward is freedom...

...right?

Uhhh...
sorry to state
the obvious but
water flows
down.

We
need to
be going
up.

That *seems* right.

Tell her.

Do you
think this is an
arm? Because I
think...we need to
head toward the
fingers to get
out.

Those
mountains
in Gibson's
Desert--

--Yeah,
they were its
fingers.

...you
know that
cup takes
4,000 years
to break
down?

Plastic's
one of
humanity's
viruses that'll
outlive us
all...

Fuck,
we've already
killed ourselves...
haven't
we?

Look at
that...





HAHAHA!

AROOOOOO!

Woah!

SPSH

Gift it no station.

Won't bite if ya don't. Eh?

You sure about that, buddy?

This humidity
is relentless.

Maybe the sun's
getting to me...

...and yet, *that*
resembles a severe
bacterial infection.

Damn,
it's unbearable.
Galko's not gonna
last in this
heat.

Yeah, me
too. Feel like
I'm losing my
mind...

What's
the rest of
the path look
like?

'Ore islands.
Sun's *higher* now, eh?
Heat lives 'ere sometimes
and in elsewhere at
other 'imes.

Given how
deep we're underground
it could be molten-core
material. That would
make sense--

--It's a
SUN!

Stop being
cryptic.

Up there,
it, it lives here in
the 'ummer. 'Tis
'ummer now.

Don't
gawk it
long.

Or it'll
roast yer
brain!

Though it's against
my better judgment...

...I want to deny everything we
witness here. But the unanswerable
questions are too intoxicating...

You've
still got your
sat-phone?

S.I.N.E.W.
might be
tracking
us.

¡Pshh!

You
doubt the
cause?

They're
not going
to find
us.

I don't
believe that
matters.

They
sent us
here to do
away with
us. Didn't
they?

We're
defective.

That's
my belief. I'm
an old "eco-
terrorist."

All for
doing *S.I.N.E.W.*'s
work. Protecting
the planet in the
name of...*the*
future.

You never
told *me* any
of this...

You never
asked.

Are yas
here from the
Scientific Institute
for Nascent
Ecology and
Worlds?



Look at
you with the
big words.

The fuck do
you know about
S.I.N.E.W.?

Ah, as
eye live 'n
breathe. Those
'astards are
still around,
eh?

Still? The
Institute was
founded in
1713.

Aye. Men
in fear of the
steam-engine. Cowards
who fire-bombed us
chaps in Nautilus
Society.

They were
philosophers, naturalists,
and scientists worried about
extra dimensional
experiences.

Men who
swore petrol tore
open the Earth, along
with the fabric
of "natural
reality."

The founders
were revolutionary
thinkers. And with
over three hundred
years of radical
science paid
for...

...I've
heard...stories
of expeditions like
ours. Given our
nature to work in
cells, nothing
concrete. But I
believe...

I don't remember the end of *that* conversation. Don't remember getting in the canoe, either.

The sun...sore never set. Closed my eyes, *tried* to sleep.

Unsure if I did.

I don't trust that strange... *Stranger*. Everything it says...feels so slippery in my head.

What if it's using a pheromone to subdue us?

Hmm.

--I don't give a fuck about the past or Edwin. Are *you* going to help me get out of here or not?

I thought *it* was already over...I had no idea *S.I.N.E.W.* was a good org--

Stop. Fuck.

Good. Let's focus on the *big* question...

Yes.

It could be intoxicating us. Maybe alkaloids in its skin?

But to what end?

Something, *uh*, Edwin...said back there that I recognized... the *Nautilus Society*.

Which, *uhhh...*

...is the same company *I* work for. *Worked* for. I was planted on this field mission and ordered to--

The chairman was Denny "DC" Strieber. The billionaire oil tycoon who founded *Nautilus Oil* in the 1920s.

"...where are they leading us?"

I feel weightless. Like a great burden has lifted from my tired mind.

That's because it did, m'lady. You've transcended.

Yes! I feel a strange kinship with you.

Don't fret, for I feel it too. You are not yet contaminated by this place, *like me*, like them.

You see me as I *really* am.

It is such a privilege to witness you.

Tell me, when it comes time to *speak* with my Lord...

Abby, darling, it is *my* privilege to be seen by you.

...will you *do* what needs to be done?

Days pass like water slipping from the palm of my hand.

This heat sticks to everything. It makes the air thick with funk and dense enough to slow everything.

Look at those undulating leaf margins.

My muscles strain like overstretched rubber bands, screaming--we've been paddling for days!

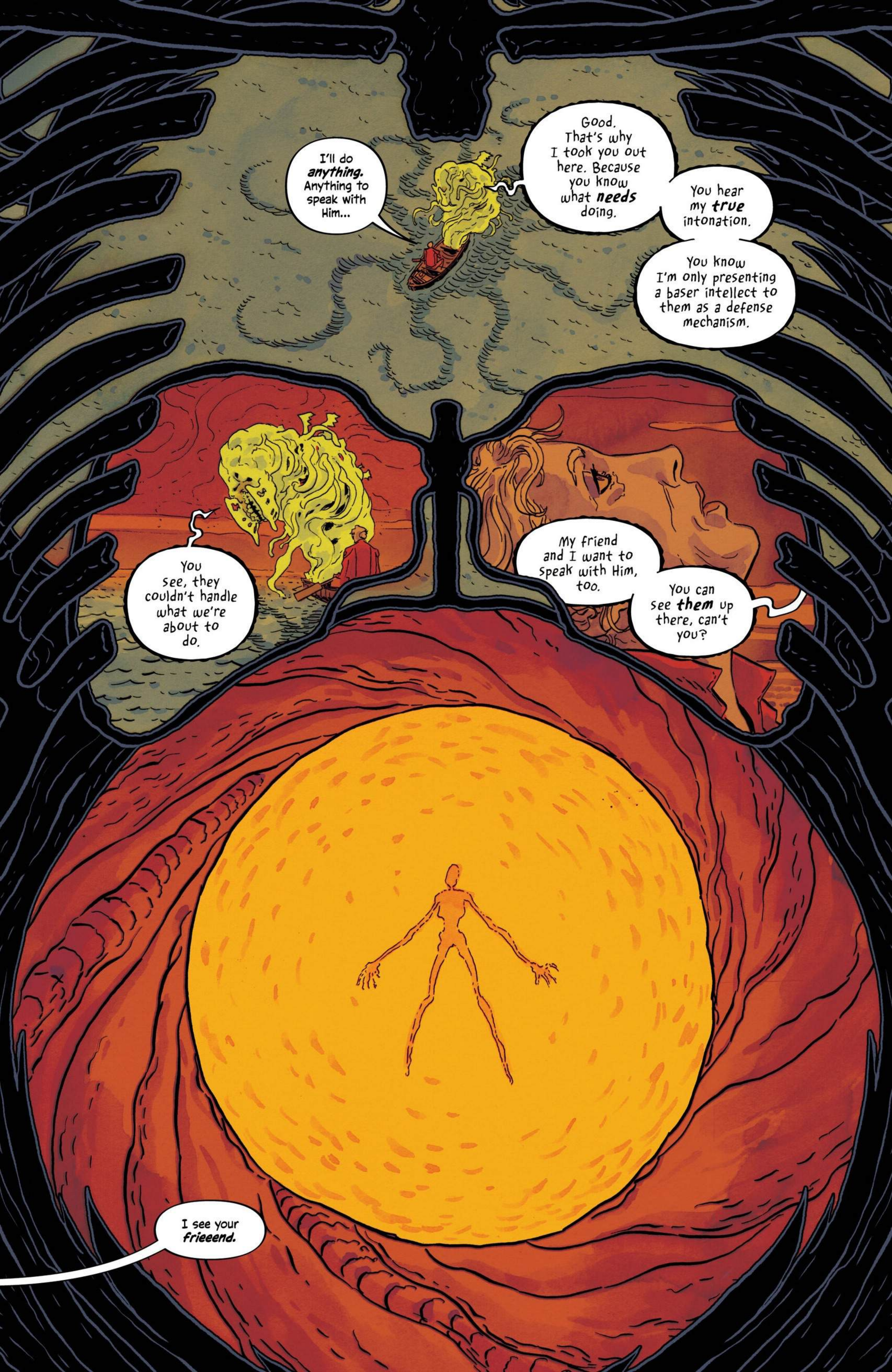
It's distressing but my mind's caught on the more curious abnormality.

How is something like *that* growing in this hot, wet climate?

Five hoods, five horns, clear stigmatic slits. Gotta be a strange species of phototropic milkweed.

Which means there's a six inch tuber *inside* Zara's head.

?



I'll do *anything*. Anything to speak with Him...

Good. That's why I took you out here. Because you know what *needs* doing.

You hear my *true* intonation.

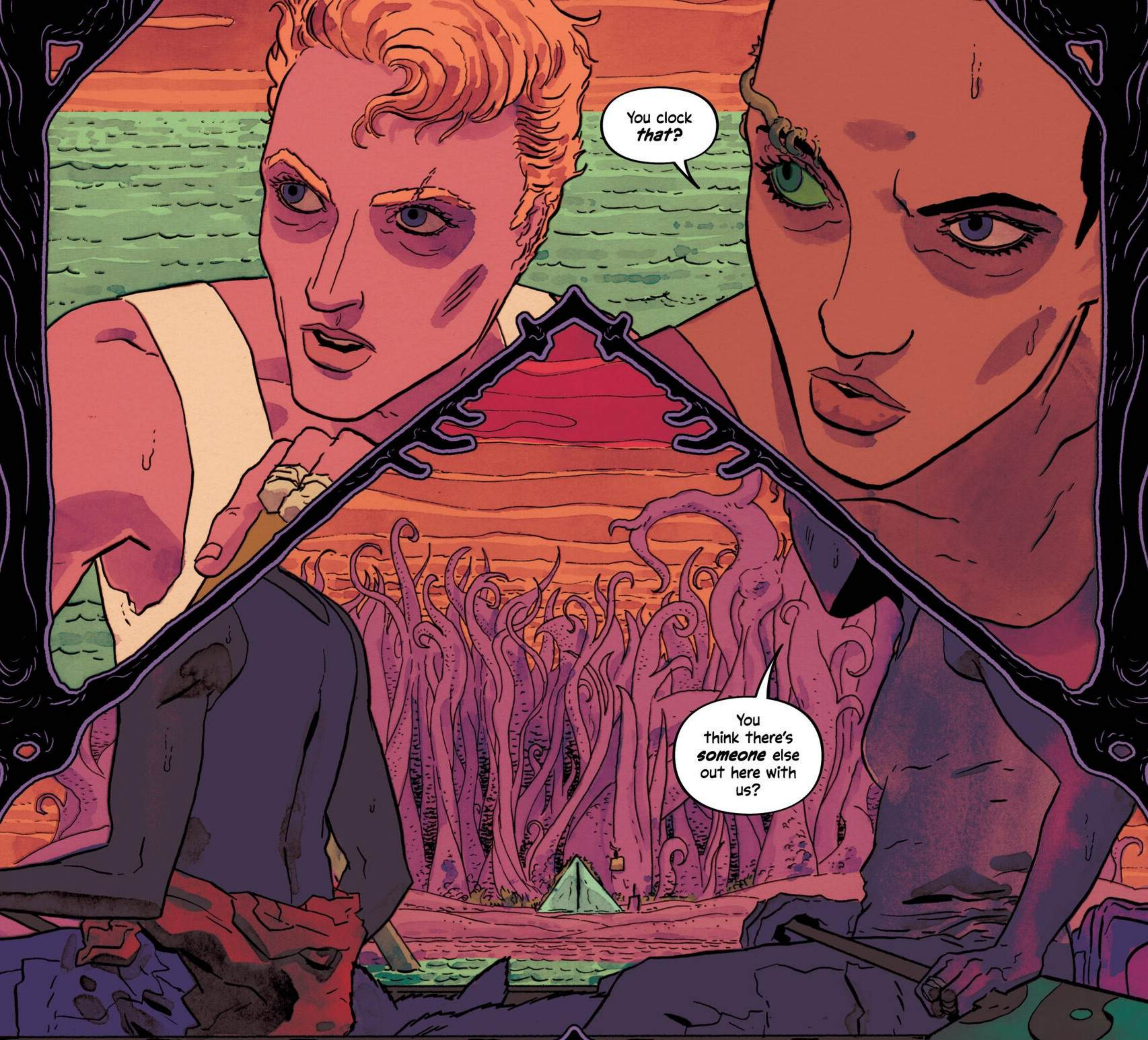
You know I'm only presenting a baser intellect to them as a defense mechanism.

You see, they couldn't handle what we're about to do.

My friend and I want to speak with Him, too.

You can see *them* up there, can't you?

I see your *frieend*.

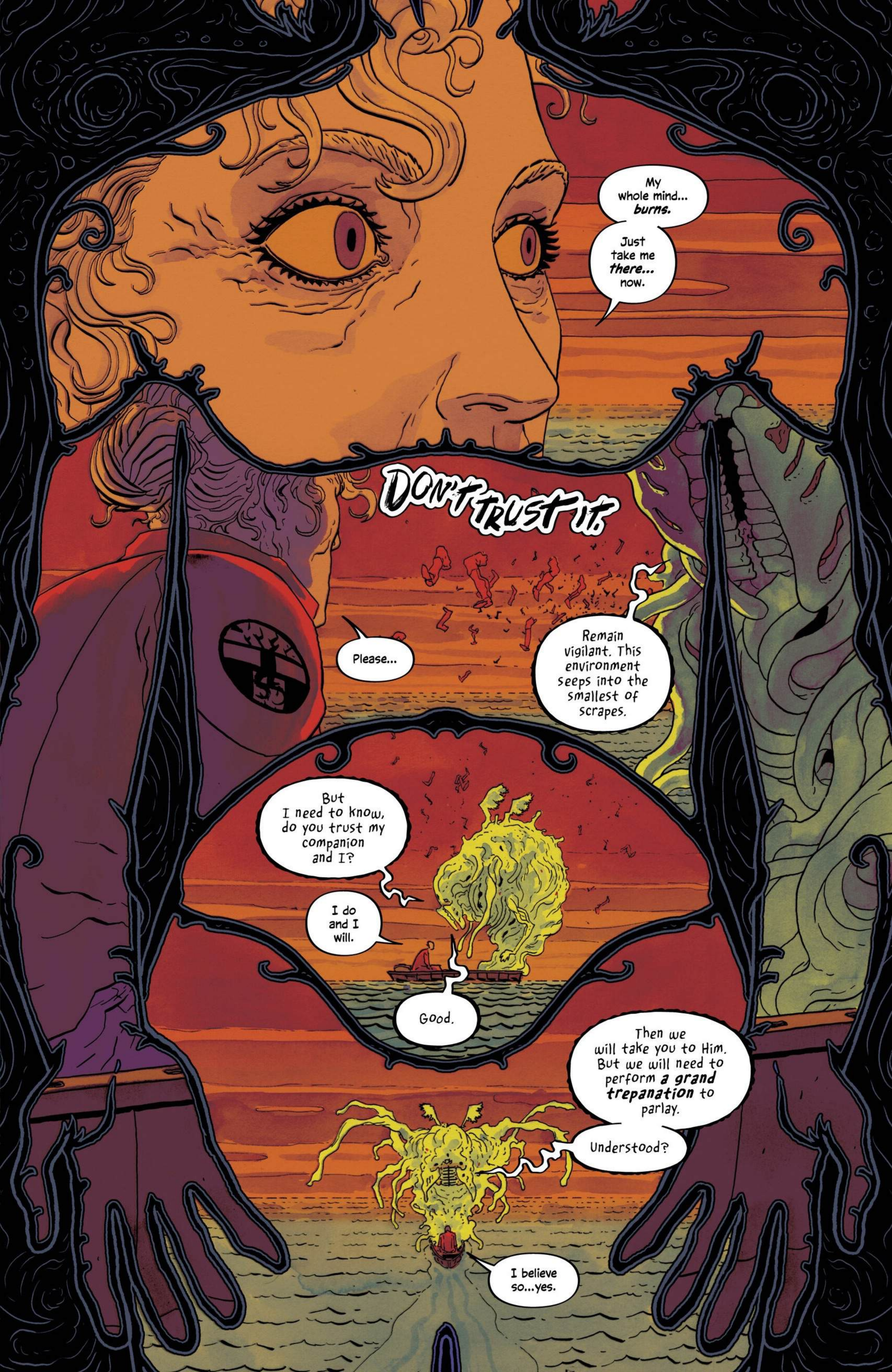


You clock *that*?

You think there's *someone* else out here with us?



Only one way to find out.



My whole mind...
burns.

Just take me
there...
now.

DON'T TRUST IT

Please...

Remain vigilant. This environment seeps into the smallest of scrapes.

But I need to know, do you trust my companion and I?

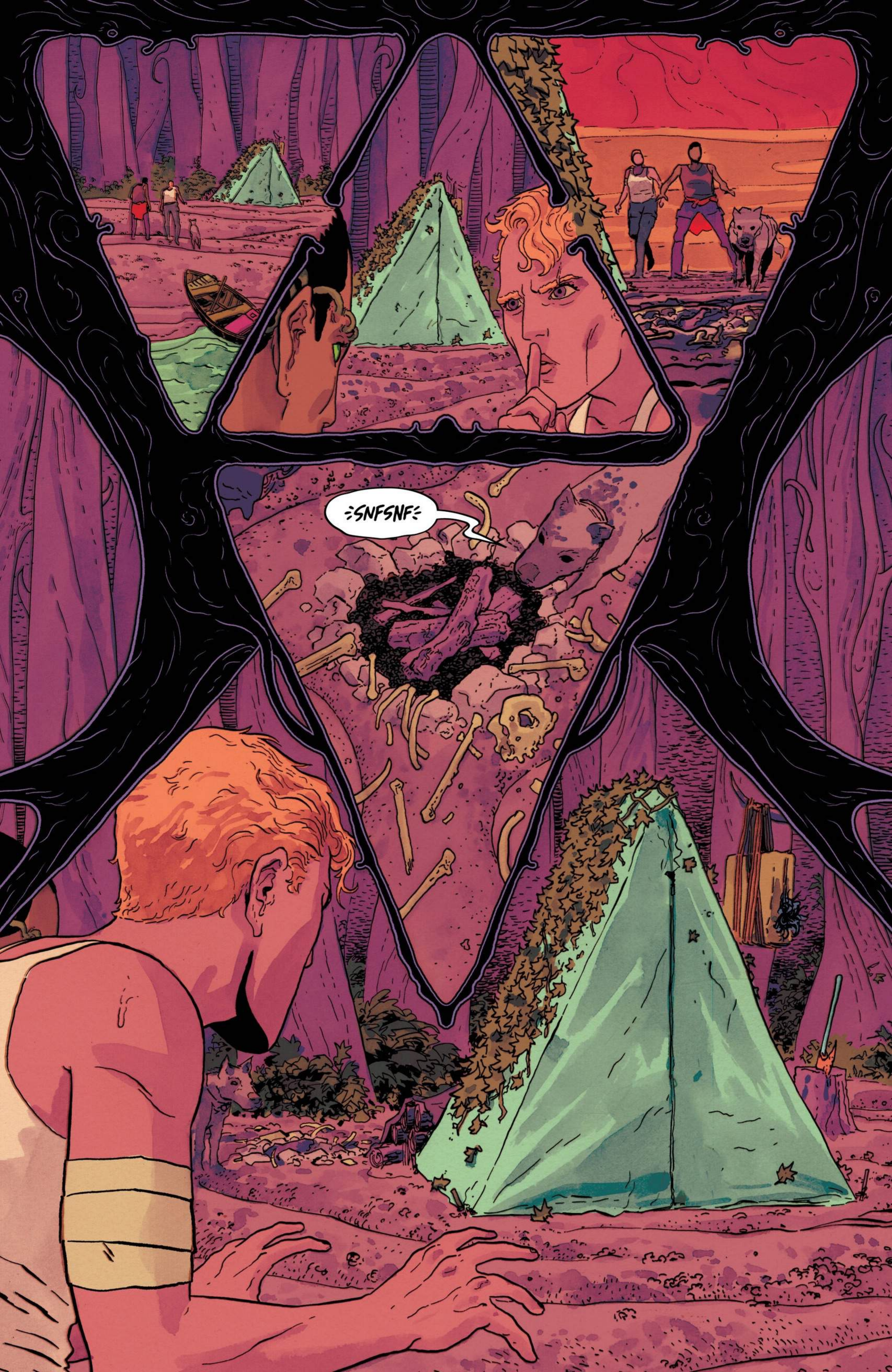
I do and I will.

Good.

Then we will take you to Him. But we will need to perform *a grand trepanation* to parlay.

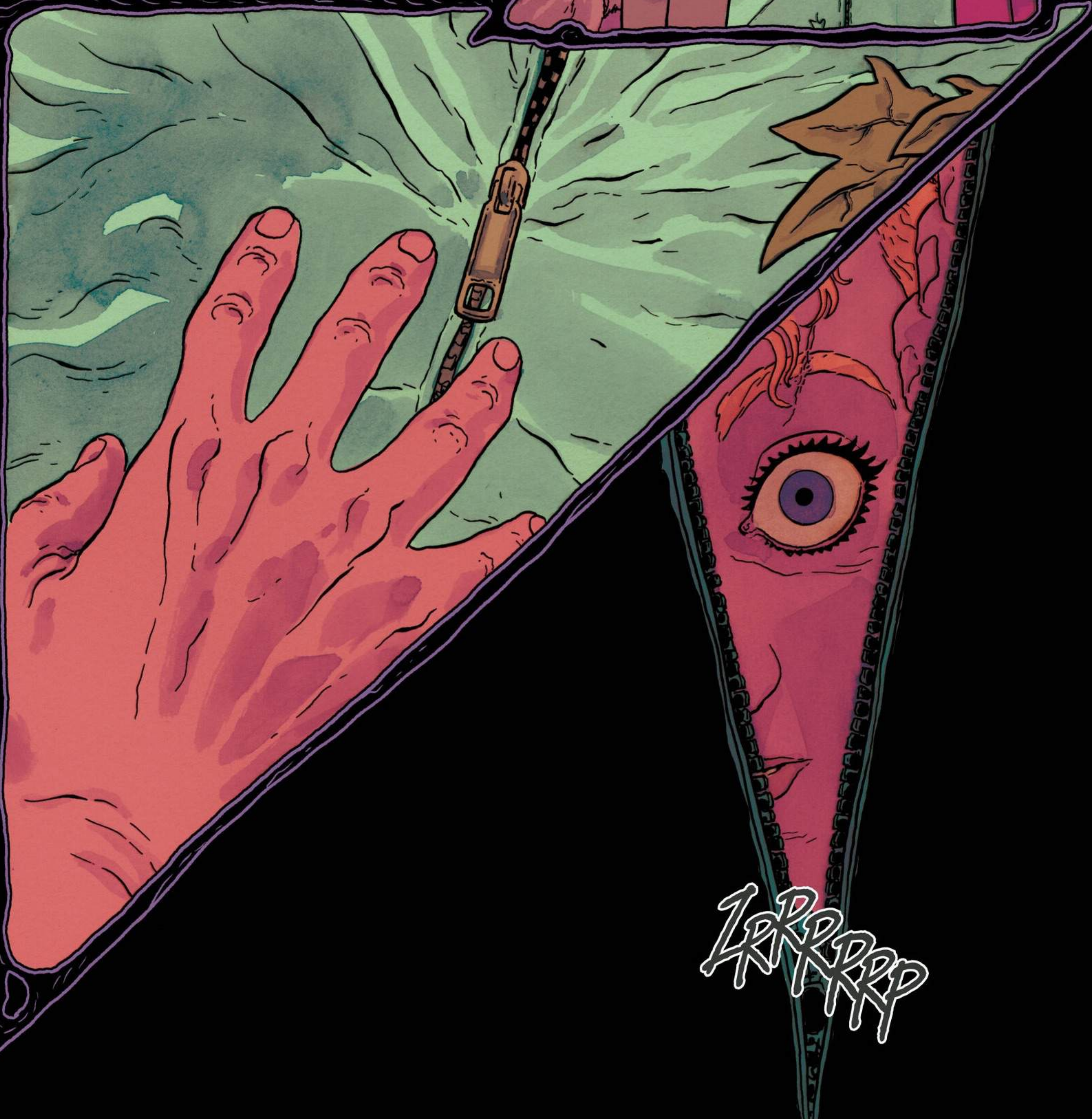
Understood?

I believe so...yes.





HRNNNNN



ZRRRP

Woah.

Look
at this...
*Canadian
Forest
Rangers.*
Damn.

This
campsite is
older than
either of
us.

SNF SNF

SNAP

SNAP

PAF

PAP

I don't
recommend
reading
that.

It
could tell
us how to
escape.

It won't.
I'm good.

It's
missing
tons of
pages.

10/18/92

Eleven days since we got the distress call. Three people had disappeared after a long retreat in the wilderness of the Rocky Mountains. Two loggers out hauling trees along the old Magnum Mine road stumbled upon a mangled site. Found it at the end of a muddy strip of cleared Ponderosa Pines. Ten kilometers to the west of Peak 32-52 in Stone Mountain Provincial Park. We found three tents ravaged by the elements. At that point, they had been abandoned for 48 hours.

They were... paired with a puzzling question. Among the camping gear we found a collection of recently severed, then frozen, human fingers. They were savagely removed. As if cut by... teeth. We had, and still have, no idea who these fingers belong to. I think they are Edith Barrow's. She, her husband Scott and their companion Art Flynn are still missing. We have, thus far, failed to locate them.

My name is Astrid Young. Ten days ago I completed my basic ranger qualification course, and was issued a No. 4 Lee Enfield rifle along with 200 rounds of .303 ammunition. Today, I'm a Canadian Ranger out on my first field rescue mission. Which may now be my last. I make the following report to both document the unethical conduct of my partner, Ranger Robinson, and to act as a record of what we've encountered out here. Hopefully freeing me of any criminal liability... for what he's done. We had five days of supplies, two canoes and rescue flares. We were to paddle upriver, deeper into the mountains, looking for missing campers. Somewhere along the way, Ranger R was (how do I put this delicately?) ...mentally challenged by a hard fall while we crossed the river. He had quite the goose egg when he led us into this underground... river system???

We sent up rescue flares the first few nights we camped here. They all disappeared in the dark. I've lost all hope. Ranger R started uttering conspiracies. Speaking as if we both worked for a covert organization. Syn... ergy or something techie like that. It doesn't matter.

10/21/92

It's my birthday today. I guess I'm officially lonely because I've taken to this journal Ranger R left behind. He filled it with absolute nonsense about his secret society. I cut out his pages and burned them. Whatever was in his head can stay there.

Can't sleep. I miss her body next to mine. Even though it's usually too hot. So I just think of hanging out on the back deck grilling dogs made with real Alberta beef. It's been... two days(??) since we came down the... river. 12 hours since Ranger R disappeared in the... ocean while checking our trap lines. I brought a haul back to the cache to smoke it and when I got back he's gone. There's his bloody knife sitting in a pile of fish guts. Stared at them organs for a minute. Swearin' to jumpin' dyin' jesus that I saw a finger (his?) amidst the wiggling pile. I don't know. The birds came down pecking at the mess before I could make heads or tails of it.

12/10/92

My boots were gone when I woke up. I wore them to bed for christ's sake! I can't shake the suspicion that Robinson still hangs over me. Watching me move. But he drowned ages ago.

12/30/92

Cut my hand pretty bad today.

12/37/93

Hand feels better. Plugged the cut with foraged leaves. They was sticky with sap. Sap stopped or... slowed the bleeding.

12/41/94

Air... hair... head is sticky today. Heavy. Hand's hairs slathered in honey.

12—

Honey hand. Tingly. Dust dancing under fingernails. Real prickly and itchy. So many mites itching. Dancing. Itch. Itch. Itching. If I keep scraaaatch. Scratch. Scratching. I'll find them.....



Light's getting low.

Maybe we can finally get some rest. Does *the book* say anything about this area?

No, but it kinda mentions *S.I.N.E.W...* which is perplexing.



Yeah? No shit. So they weren't fucking with us?

Should we regroup with Abby and Edwin?



I don't think so.

And no. They lost us on purpose.



I figured as much.



Good. We'll have to be *very* delicate with *them*.

How's your head?

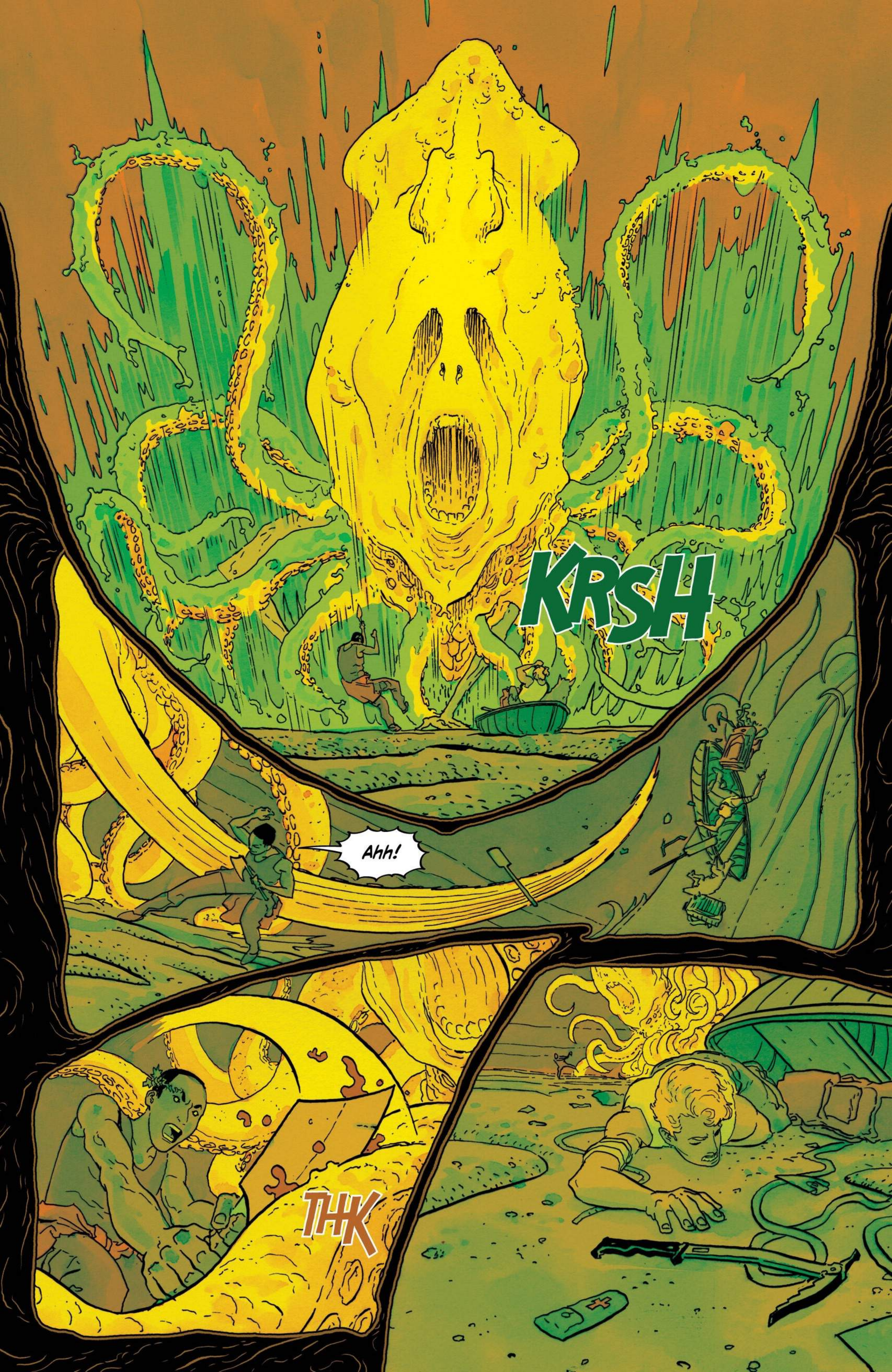


You mean the plant? I *know* it's there. Just like I know that I'm not losing my mind.

Does *it* hurt?

Not really. What do you think *it* is?

GRRRRRRR!

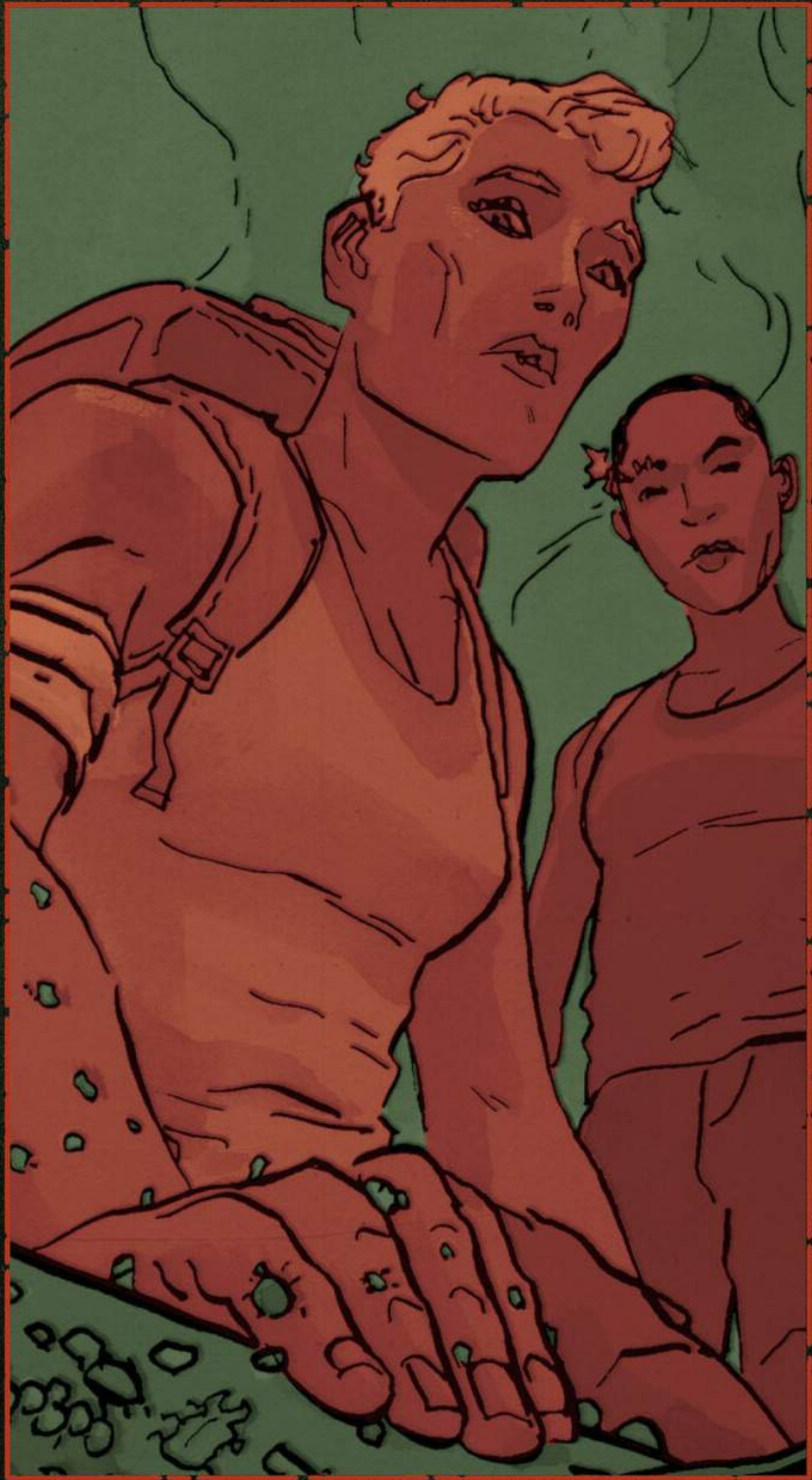


KRSH

Ahh!

THK





I'm just an animal.



Straining against my line.

SNFF SNFF SNFF



I tug at the cord by instinct.



*Pull and pull until it **snaps**.*



Now I feel...



...questions.

Many questions.



Is this being alive?

Give in to the
landscape...

But
don't let *the
stranger*
in...



Strange.

Was that Selva?

SNF SNF

Better warn Mother.

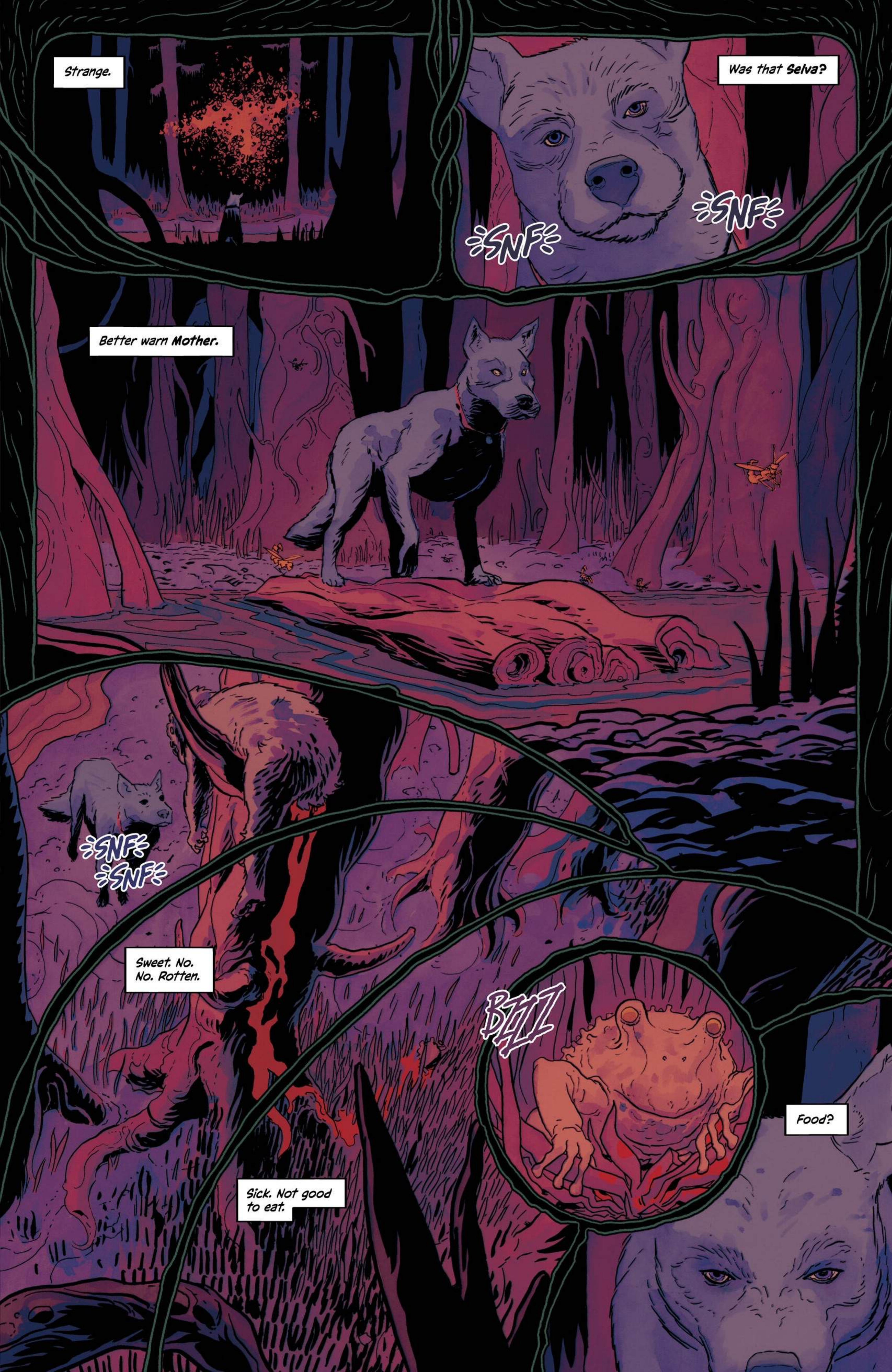
SNF SNF

Sweet. No.
No. Rotten.

BZZ

Food?

Sick. Not good
to eat.



Got you.

SNF

My paw...

...changed?

Frog!

SNF SNF SNF

Gone.

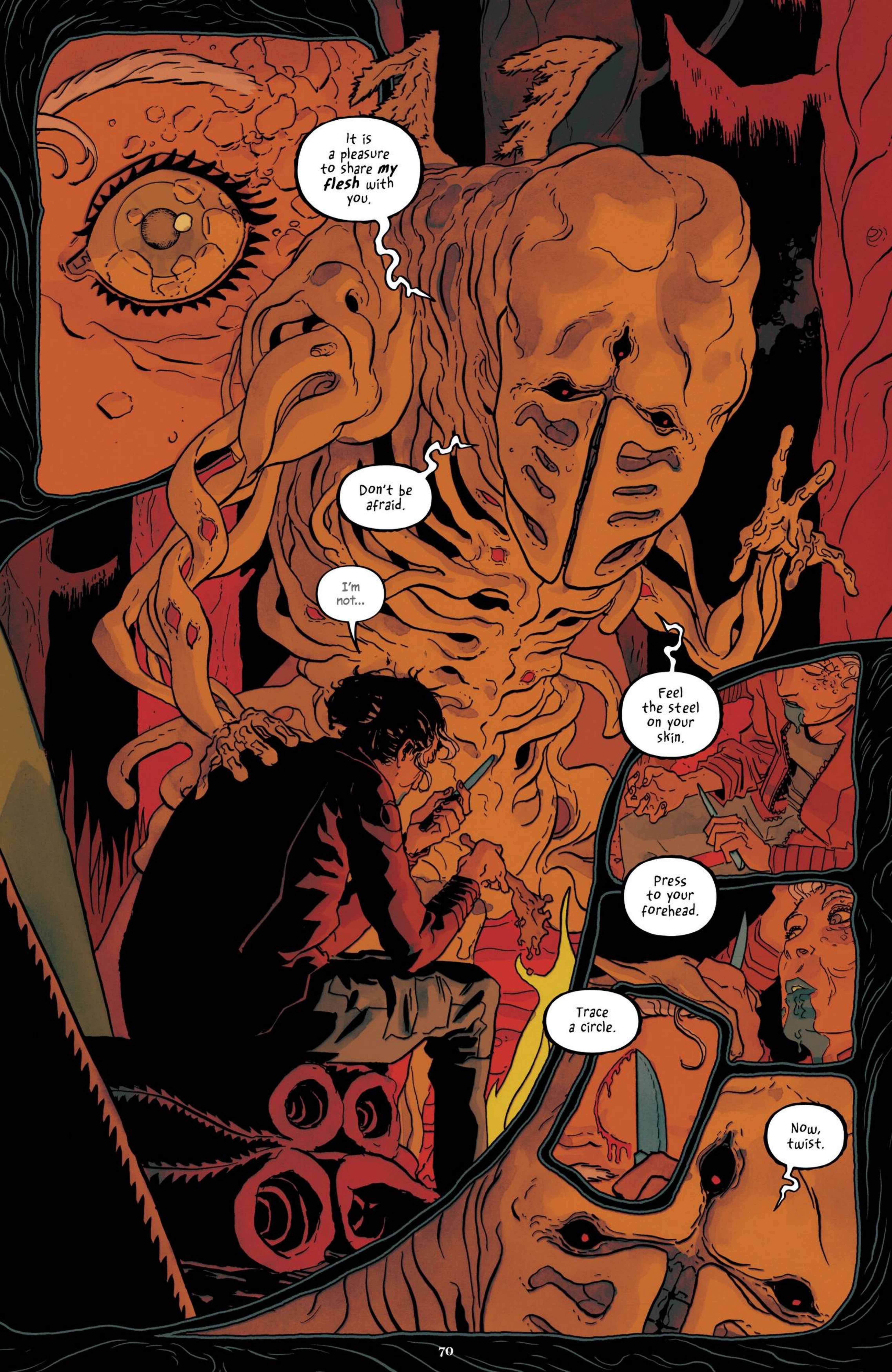
CHAPTER VII

THE ROTTEN FOOT



Eat,
Abby.

Thank you,
Edwin. I was
starving.



It is
a pleasure
to share *my
flesh* with
you.

Don't be
afraid.

I'm
not...

Feel
the steel
on your
skin.

Press
to your
forehead.

Trace
a circle.

Now,
twist.



Let the
steel lick your
skull and
laugh.



heh



Glory,
glory, release
the pressure
from your
mind.



SWORREL



Stop.

The surrounding foliage is spoiled.

It's not fit to drink.

It's *really* them.

How long have I stared at this...stillness?

Losing myself in the seconds, the minutes, the days.

Watching Zara bloom...

This stone is roughly five billion years old.

I'm not thirsty. Can't remember my last meal.

And yet I'm left to wonder...

...as Abby rots.

...is this evolution?

Or cell-death?



Hildur,
the confining
pressure
of these
fossils...

...defies
any known
metamorphic
formation.

It's as if
every stone here
holds a billion year
old organism.

APF

Galko. He's
distraught.

PANT PANT

Somewhere between his shallow
breaths, his simple thoughts
penetrate my skull...

...howling, "mother, look
at me! I've changed!"



His silence tells me
this place reeks of
rot. Of decay. That
he's *certain* it can't
be the way out.

And *I* know
it, too.

*The strange one
leads us astray...*

*"...and the old one
is sick. Sicker than
the landscape."*

Insanity seems like the most
rational explanation and yet...

...I find something
else to feed my mind.

Look at these
staghorn sundews,
their antenna-like
stems...

...are
designed
for trapping
and killing
insects.

Everything
in this biome looks
carnivorous.

Designed
to lure, designed
to catch and
kill.



They're leading us into a trap.



We're not heading toward the fingers...



...we're *far* deeper than that.

But maybe Edwin was onto something in his journal.

If this really is the center of the earth...



...what if we could get to the toes?

Maybe they've broken the surface too, maybe they're also a way out...



That's a lot of maybes.



I know. But...*I'm* undeniably connected to this place.



My body made me a map.

Wanna see?

It's far from impartial.
It's clearly a vulgar
disease taking hold,
remaking her flesh...



...and yet it *calms*
my screaming mind.

With that calm in head and hand, we returned to camp.

We said nothing of Abby's headwound.

We agreed to follow Edwin and Abby for another...*day*?

Though, watching Abby faun over Edwin's flesh, I was tempted to break that silence...

...it seemed *they* had surrendered all pretense.

Again, we chose silence as the trek descended into disgusting terrain.

So why shouldn't we do the same?

I WAS A SINGLE BLACK CELL STRETCHED OVER MILLENNIA. A TINY ABERRATION NURTURED BY MANY HANDS. FORCED TO SPLIT. MELTED MY MASTERS. DISINTEGRATED A ONCE GREAT BEING. NOW THE THICK MIRE THAT YOU READ. SUBSUME THESE WORDS AND YOU TOO WILL THAW.

FOREVER ROLLING IN THE BLACK VOID BEFORE LANCING THE FLESH OF THIS DAEMON. FINDING PROVIDENCE. AS ONE BECAME TWO, AND TWO BECAME ONE. WE MADE DEEP IMPACT. FOULED THE SOUL. KILLED MILLIONS. WE TWO BECAME THREE. WE BURROWED WITHIN THE BEING. WE STILLED WITHIN BOUNDLESS ICE. THOUSANDS OF YEARS PASS AS WE MOVE FROM CELL TO CELLS. THREE ABOUNDING INTO MANY. WE FLOURISHED IN THIS FLOUNDERING FAT. WE FOUND SUSTENANCE IN THE SPOILED MEAT AND MUSCLE. BEFORE LONG WE MANY ARE WITHIN ITS INNARDS. SPREADING PROTOPLASMIC MURK. SIPHONING WHAT WE CAN.

WE SPOILED A ONCE GREAT BEING. WE REMAIN INDEBTED TO OUR SOURED MAKER. WE TURNED IT SIBILANT. MOVED OUR GELATINOUS ENGINE FROM HEAD TO FOOT. THREADING ALL THE WAY. BREAKING DOWN. DEVOURING. TURNED THE MIND WITH THE BODY. UNTIL IT'S ALL WORTHY OF OUR STATION. WE ARE THE MOTOR OF OUR KIND MADE MANIFOLD.

A THOUSAND YEARS PASS. WE DISCOVERED MAN. IN THE EAR. STUPID THING WELCOMED OUR CELLS. DRANK FROM THE TURNED CEREBRUM AND SPOILED. SOURED INTO THE VERY THING YOU STUDY. ABOUNDING INTO THE TEXT YOU ADMIRE. HE GESTATED FROM MAN. BUT ACTS AS AN EMISSARY OF I--A PROGENITOR.

WE ARE ALL FILTH.

WE ARE ALL DECAY.

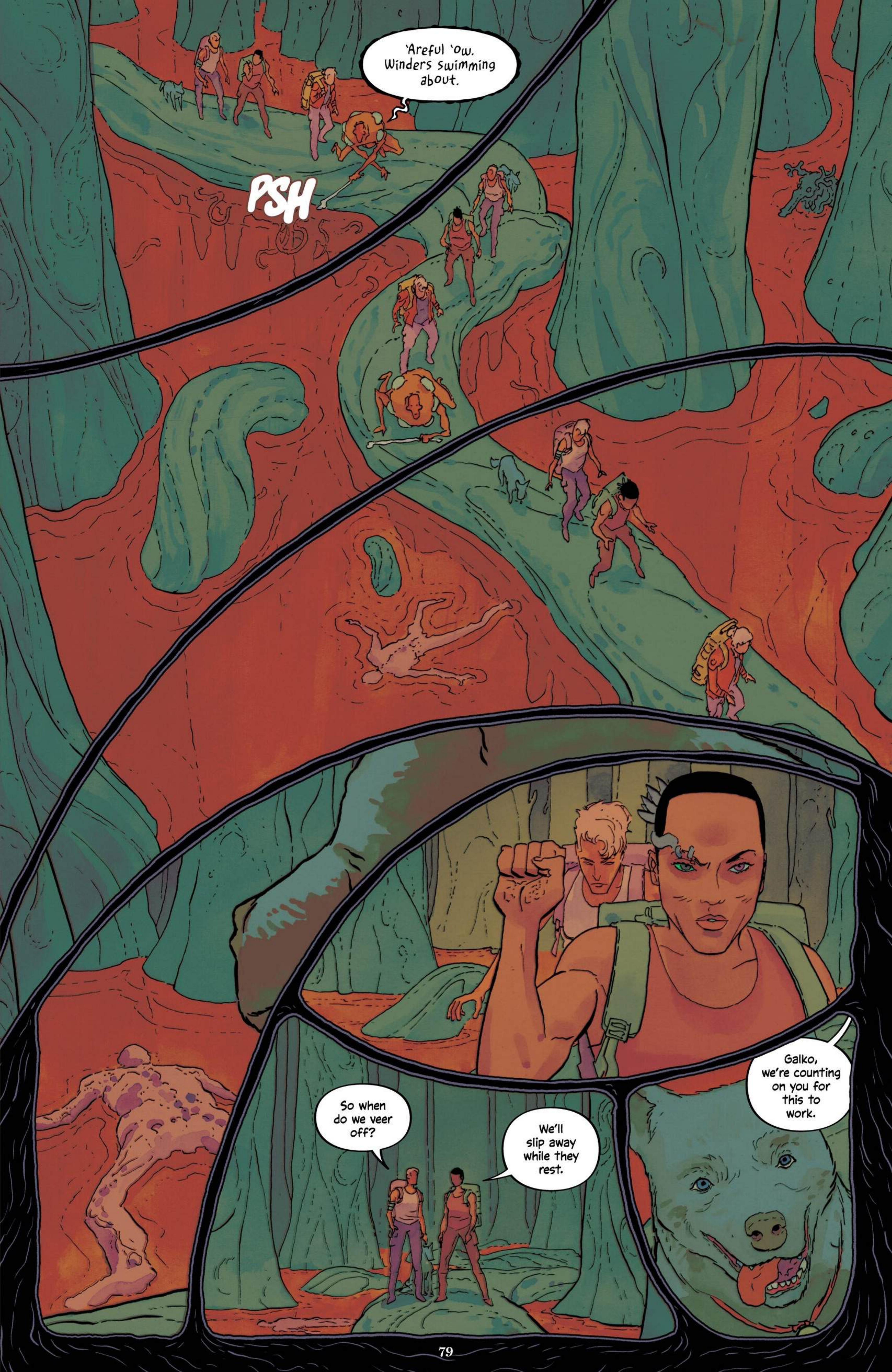
WE ARE A COLLECTIVE BREAKDOWN OF THIS COTERMINOUS VASTNESS.

AN ELEMENT HEATING A ONCE PRODIGIOUS BEING INTO SOMETHING WORTHY OF OUR CELLS.

NOW, YOU'VE DIGESTED GIGAS.

WHY NOT LET YOURSELF WARM?

WILL YOU ROAM THE WORLD IN SERVICE OF SPOILING?



'Areful 'ow.
Winders swimming
about.

PSH

So when
do we veer
off?

We'll
slip away
while they
rest.

Galko,
we're counting
on you for
this to work.



RIP

It's time.

SCRRH
SCRRH

The further we descend
one simple fact becomes
evident.

Creation isn't
finished here.

For every plant I recognize
there stands another appalling
in its abnormality.

The grotesque creatures
living on this land are
vile or debased in some
unquantifiable way.

Corruption stings my eyes,
plugs my nose, burns my
ears and leaves my mouth
nothing more than a sour
wound...

...it's all
too much
for words.

It's all...begging
me to give in.

FOR A WHILE I WAS DEAD

THEN THE TINY DUTIFUL INSECTS
CAME ALONG AND DEVoured MY

REMAINS. EACH VESTIGIAL MIND
MAKES A MEAL OF MINE. NOW
I'M TWIRLED WITHIN THEM ALL

FLEETING AS WE SHARED A SECOND. SO
MANY SECONDS SWIRL. SO MANY DAYS
FLUTTER BY IN THE DARK

UNTIL
NOW

AWAKE AGAIN AND FOUND YOU.

SKITTERING AND SKIMMING THESE POLLUTED WASTES
LOOKING FOR THE WAY OUT. YOU'VE BEEN LED ASTRAY. THERE IS A WAY OUT. I'M PROOF

EVEN IN DEATH
WE REMAIN. STIRRED AND STORED WITHIN THE FAT OF THESE WALLS.
WAS THAT MY THOUGHT?

MY CARAPACE CAVORTS. DOESN'T MATTER. THERE IS ONLY DEEPER. MY WINGS TWITCH.
I FEEL THE HOT HUMID AIR. ONE OF US FEELS THE SUN BAKE OUR ANTENNA
THERE IS OUT

THERE IS WATER.

BUT NOT IN THE VAGABOND'S GRAVES. OR IN THE STRANGER'S PATH. IT'S HERE
WITH ME. WATCHING THE INSECTS TREAD A STEADY LANE. CAN YOU FOCUS ON
THE INSIGNIFICANT GROOVES LONG ENOUGH TO SEE?

THE HIVE IS CLEAR. TURN AROUND. HEAD TO THE HEEL.

THE HEEL HINGES ON THE BROKEN ELBOW.

FROM THERE TO THE CROOKED ARM.

PASS THROUGH. FIND THE FINGERS.

DON'T TRUST THE HAND.

TRUST

SELVA

We need to turn around.

What? I thought you trusted me.

Selva left us a message...

Bullshit. We don't have time to waste.

Galko spoke to her too. Didn't you, boy?

ARF!

I'm not doubling back.

Why would it give me this map if it was wrong?

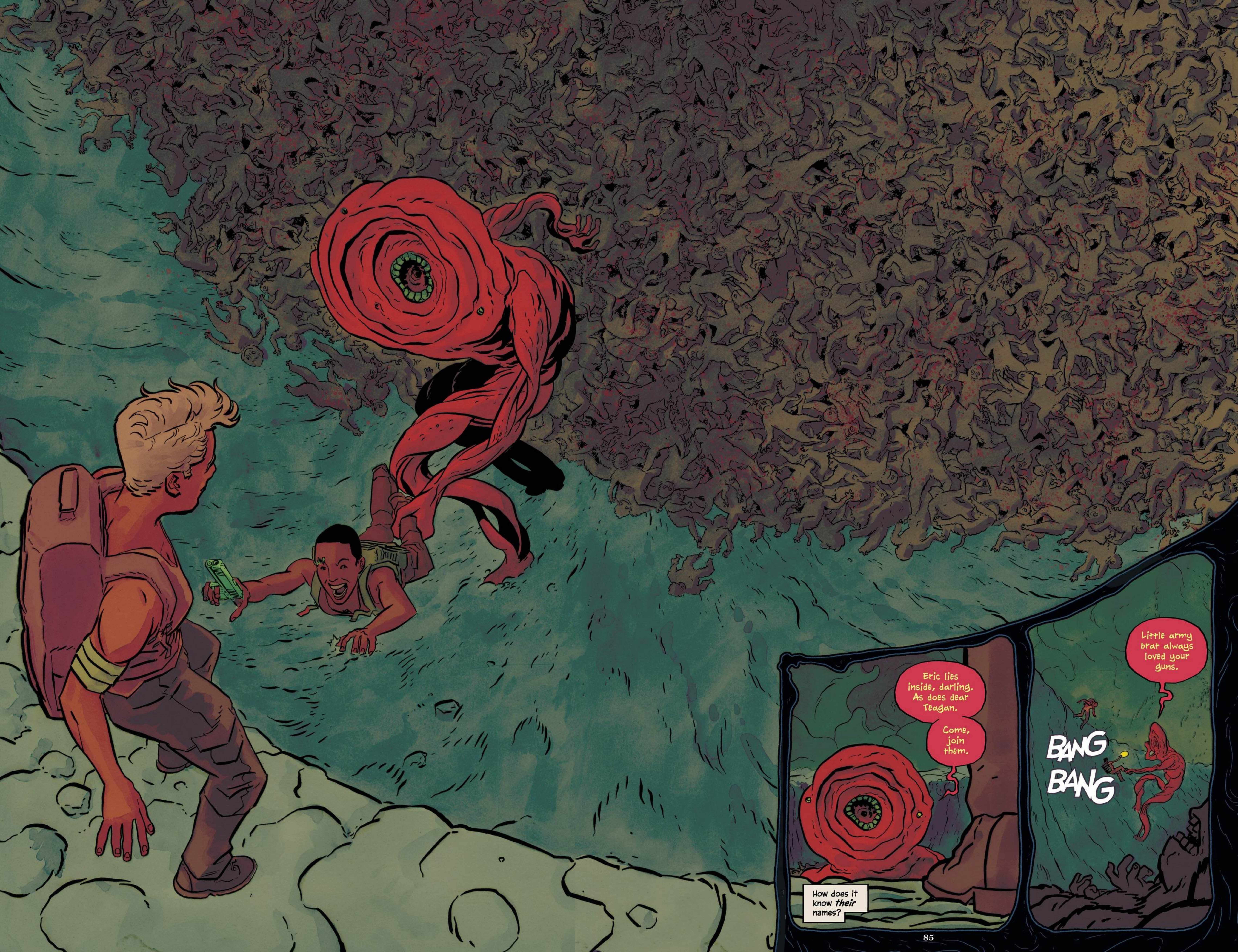
I don't know...

I'm done talking.

...It's just...we're so lost.

But something about this direction makes me... sick.

CRASH



Eric lies inside, darling. As does dear Teagan.

Come, join them.

How does it know *their* names?



Little army brat always loved your guns.

**BANG
BANG**



I cannot wash the oil off, Zara.

Do you not wonder why you were taken again?

You're guilty, Ms. McQueen.

Shut the fuck up!

Hang on!

Ahhh!

Do you still want to die, Dr. Johannason?

They're waiting for you.



WHUD

BANG
BANG

Mother,
don't let it
break you.
It's not
them.

I need an
assist!

Eric? Teagan?

No no no...



This is
my creator
Gigas... his
remains...

...his
carrion.

I'm
scared...



It is
time for you
to experience
his grace.

Please...
no...

Don't you
want to
commune?

Do you
not crave **the
touch?**

...yes.

Then give
yourself to
order.

Finish
the divine
trepanation.



Yes,
beautiful.

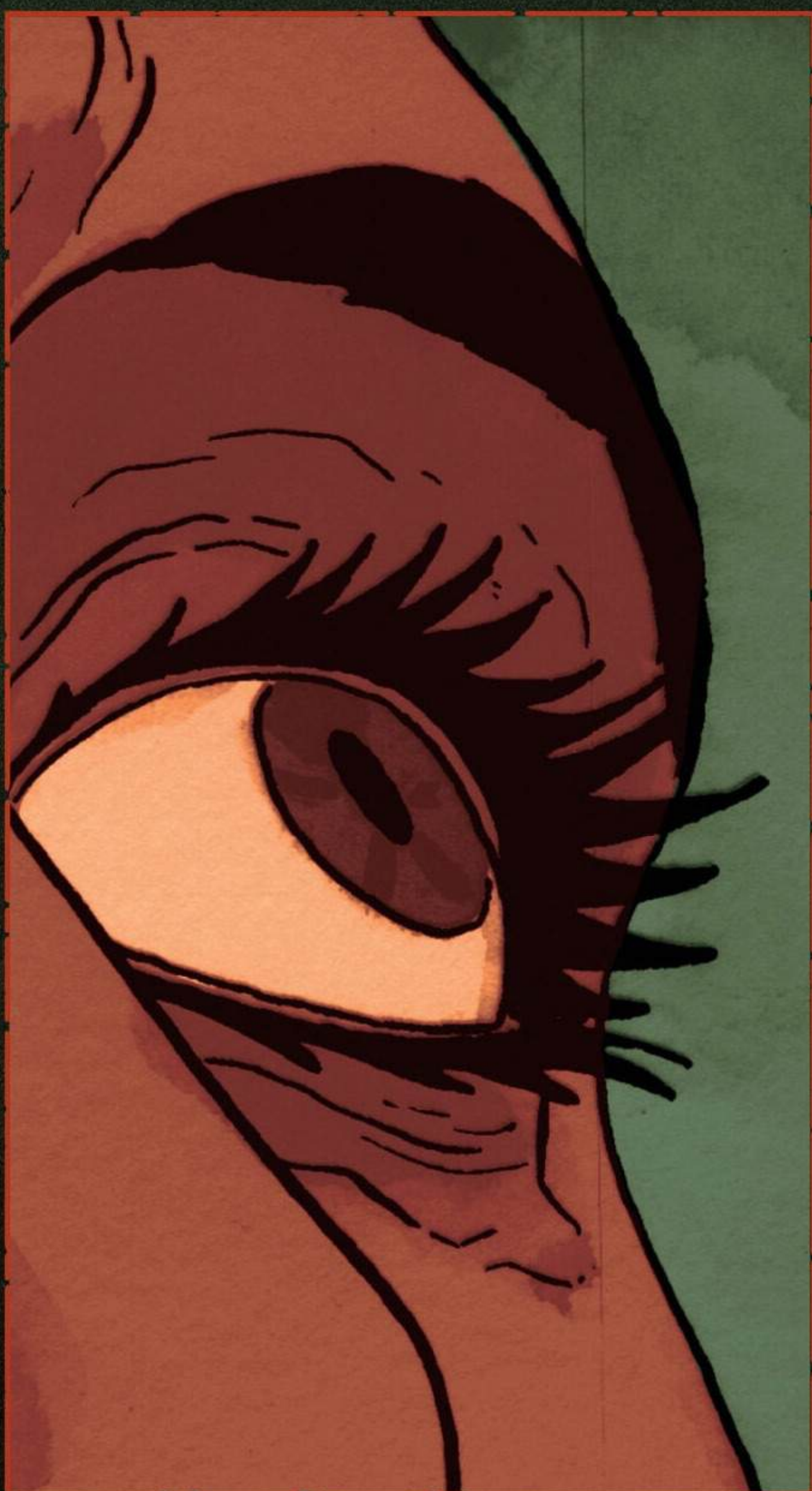
Let him
in.

I see
him!

I feel
him!









Yu kant swim frum thissss.

≡PANT≡
≡PANT≡

IT'S TOO LATE TO HELP.

I don't recognize the corpses anymore...

~pant~
How are you
doing this?
~pant~

...but I don't need
to recognize them
to care.

We need
to move. The big
swirly-head-thing
is pissed.

The obscenities
of this...place
hit in waves.

THOOM

SKSKSK

AIEEE!



Noooo!



GRRR WRITHEWT MRRREE!



Ahmeful pet...gu wur finally singular.

SKISKI



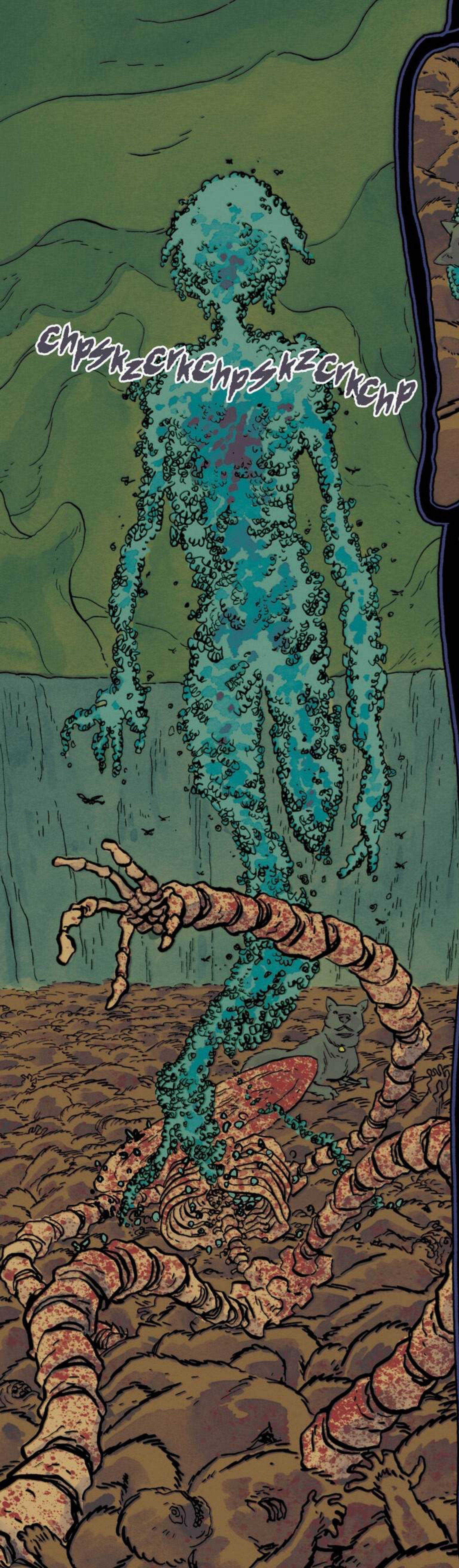
SCAFF



SKISKI



SKISKI



chpskzcrkchpskzcrkchp



The discordant chirps of the insect choir tuned to the register of a human voice.



Hey, friends.

Been a minute.

The chorus' vile defiance of nature pierces Zara's eyes.

I feel it roll over her in sickening waves.

And yet, against my better judgment...

...I find the debased creature...astonishing.



The mass of roiling insects activates something in me.

I *understand* a woman I never *really* knew. A free-climbing expert who nearly lost her arm on a portage.

Sorry, I couldn't let Abby see me like *this*.

It would've deepened her corruption.

Her form, alien. Her story, familiar.

This... *being* claimed me. I'm part of it now.

If you die, it'll claim you too. Maybe it already did.

An entomologist who feared losing her legs, floating here, *uninterrupted*.

Abby got into my head. Made me abandon you.

...I'm... sorry.

I... forgive you.

Did the walls echo Selva's story as I slept?

Words fail to describe my observations here.

Why bother anymore?



That creature...this corpse...they're billions of years old.

But there's something *else* here. Decaying. Reconfiguring atoms. Churning the minds of the hive.



It's nihilistic. Intelligent. Wants to use *you*. To spread.

It'll devour this whole place in time.

It almost devoured me. That Stranger...

Yes. Just one of its many manipulative spawn.

It claims everything and everyone. Even those who haven't realized it yet.



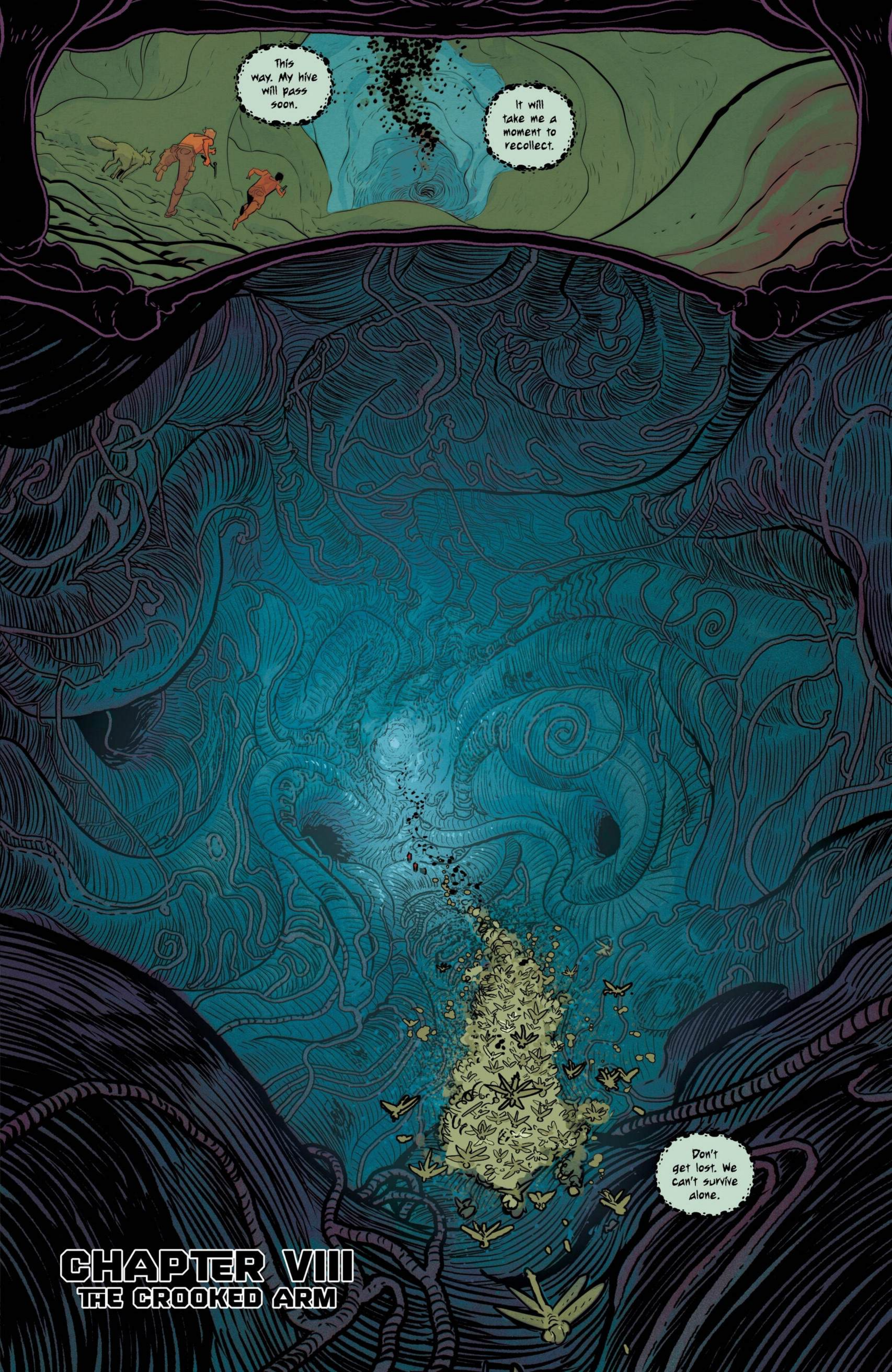
This *decay*... how do we stop *it*?

How do we get out?

Fine questions.

I can show you the answers.





This way. My hive will pass soon.

It will take me a moment to recollect.

Don't get lost. We can't survive alone.

CHAPTER VIII
THE CROOKED ARM



These surfaces are closer to meteorites than anything found on Earth. Older than life itself.

And look what's become of it.

Somewhere in the back of her mind, Zara's familiar with the enormity of this...wound.

But I...I feel contaminated.

SNFF
SOUR
SNFF

Everything in Zara screams leave, go find the sun and hold it against your skin.

This...
thing. It's suffering.

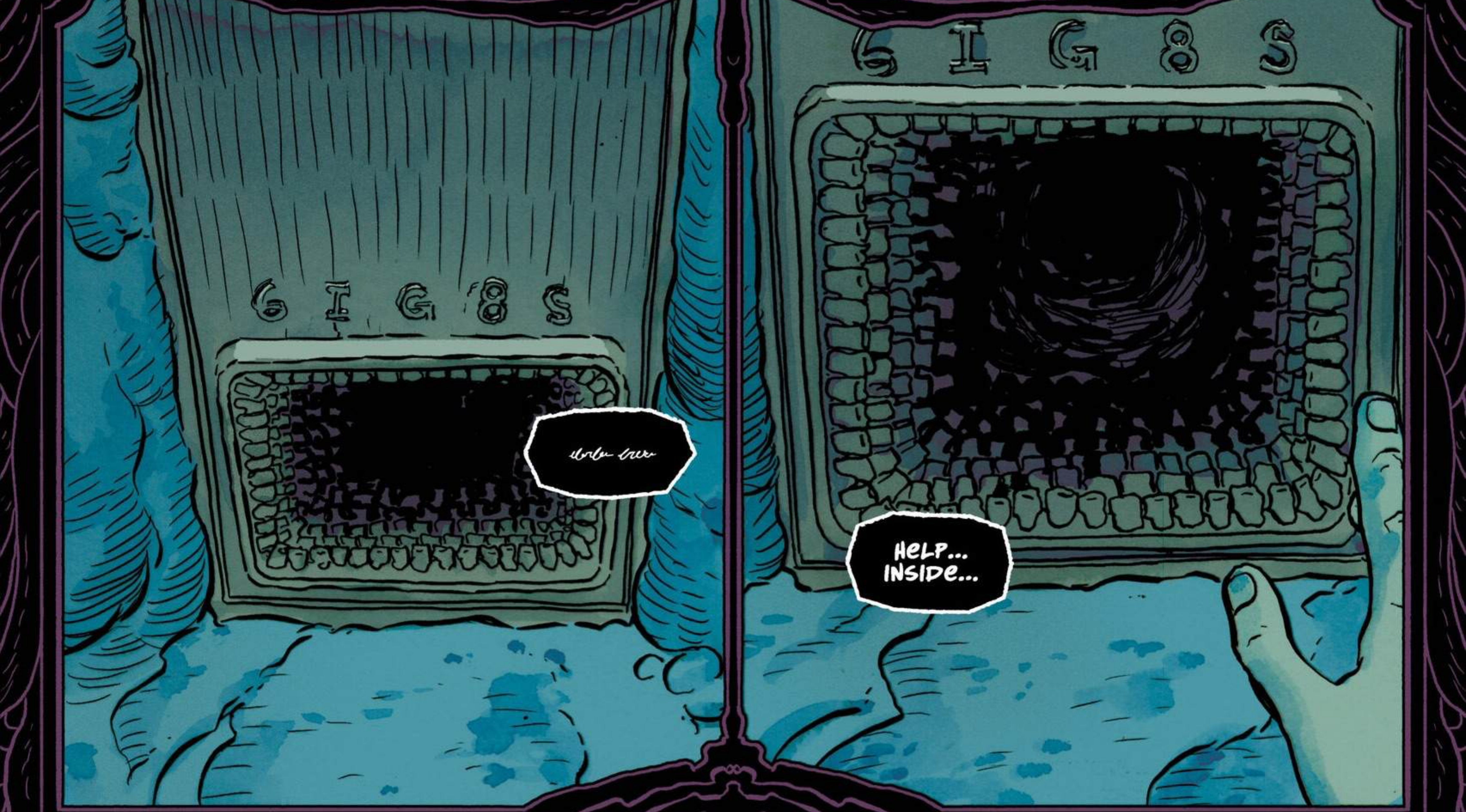


Shouldn't we help it?

I don't know...

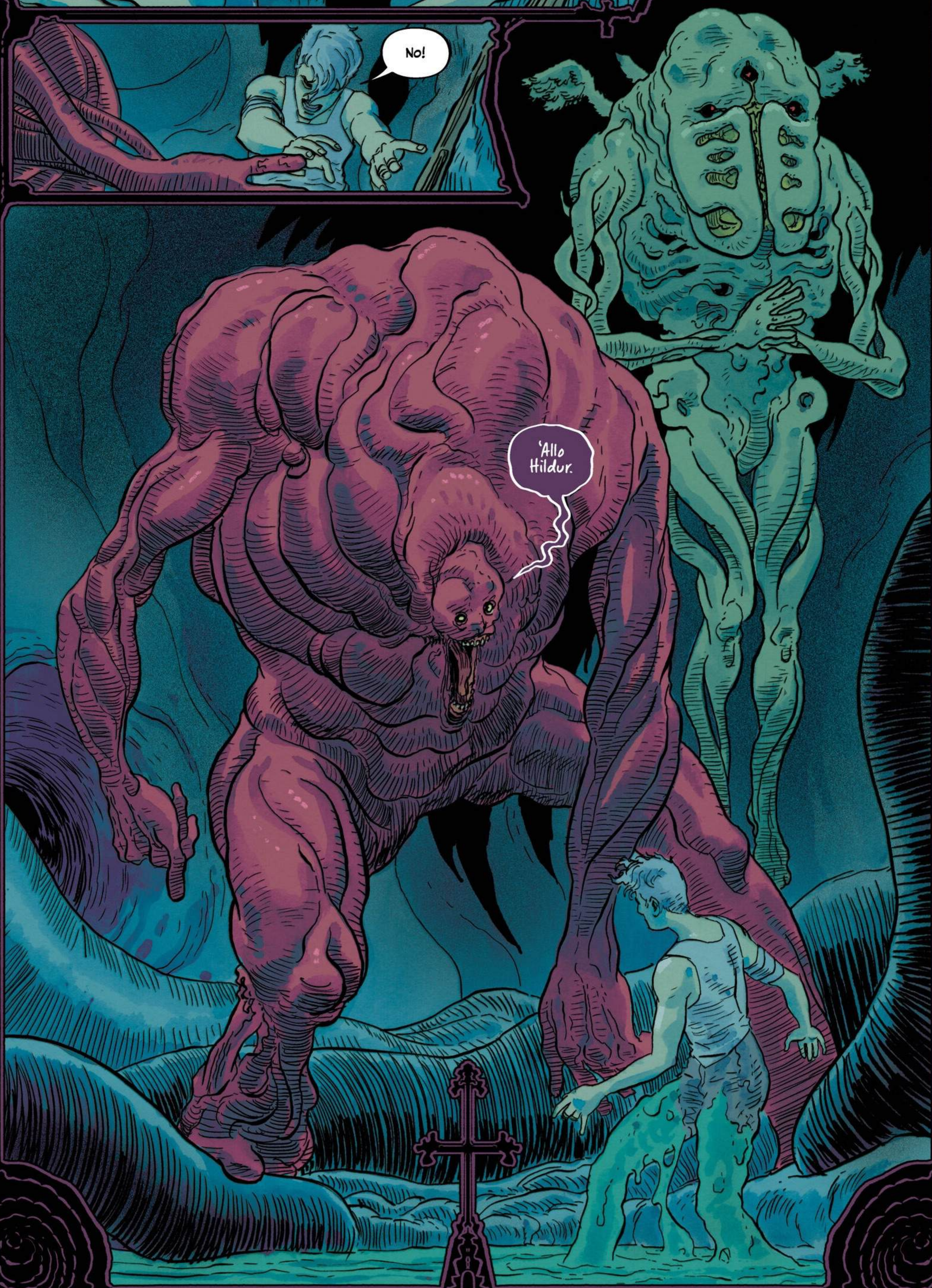


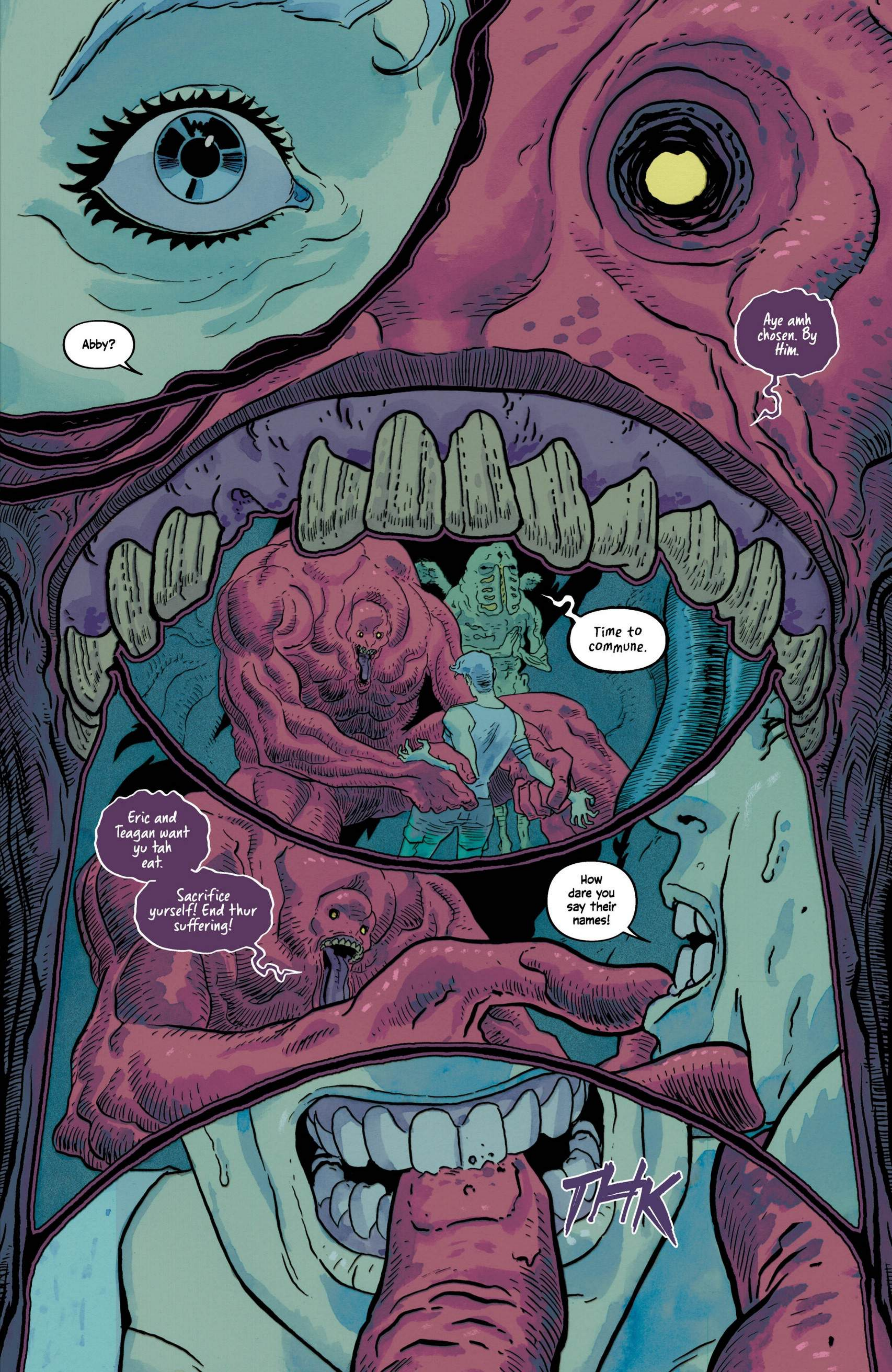
a few



uh-huh

HELP...
INSIDE...





Abby?

Aye amh
chosen. By
Him.

Time to
commune.

Eric and
Teagan want
yu tah
eat.

Sacrifice
yurself! End thur
suffering!

How
dare you
say their
names!

THK



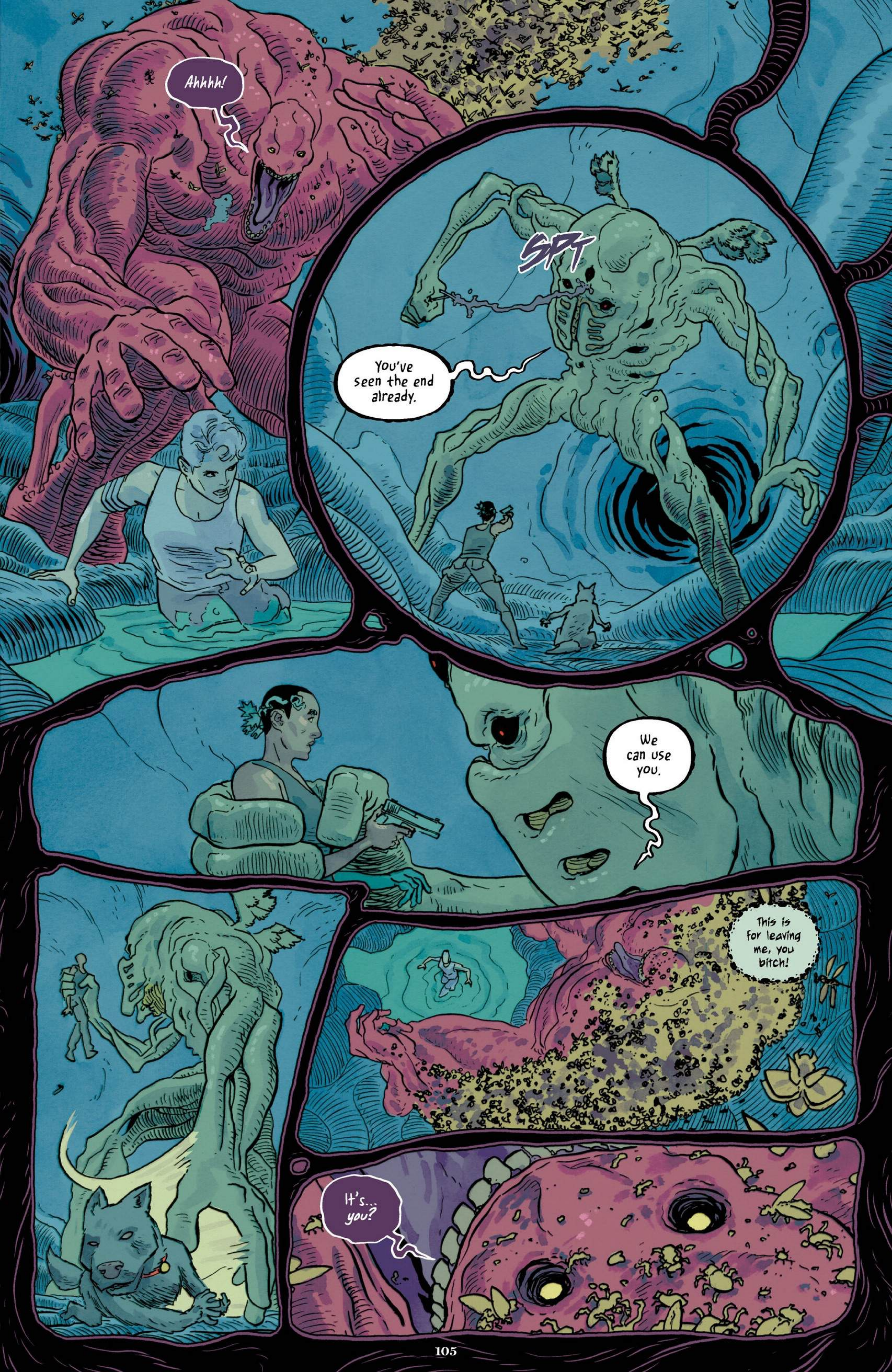
SHLINK

Aye, bad dog!

BANG

HOARK!

Noo!



Ahhhh!

SPT

You've
seen the end
already.

We
can use
you.

This is
for leaving
me, you
bitch!

It's...
you?

Enough of this. She's already bloomed.

Let go of me!

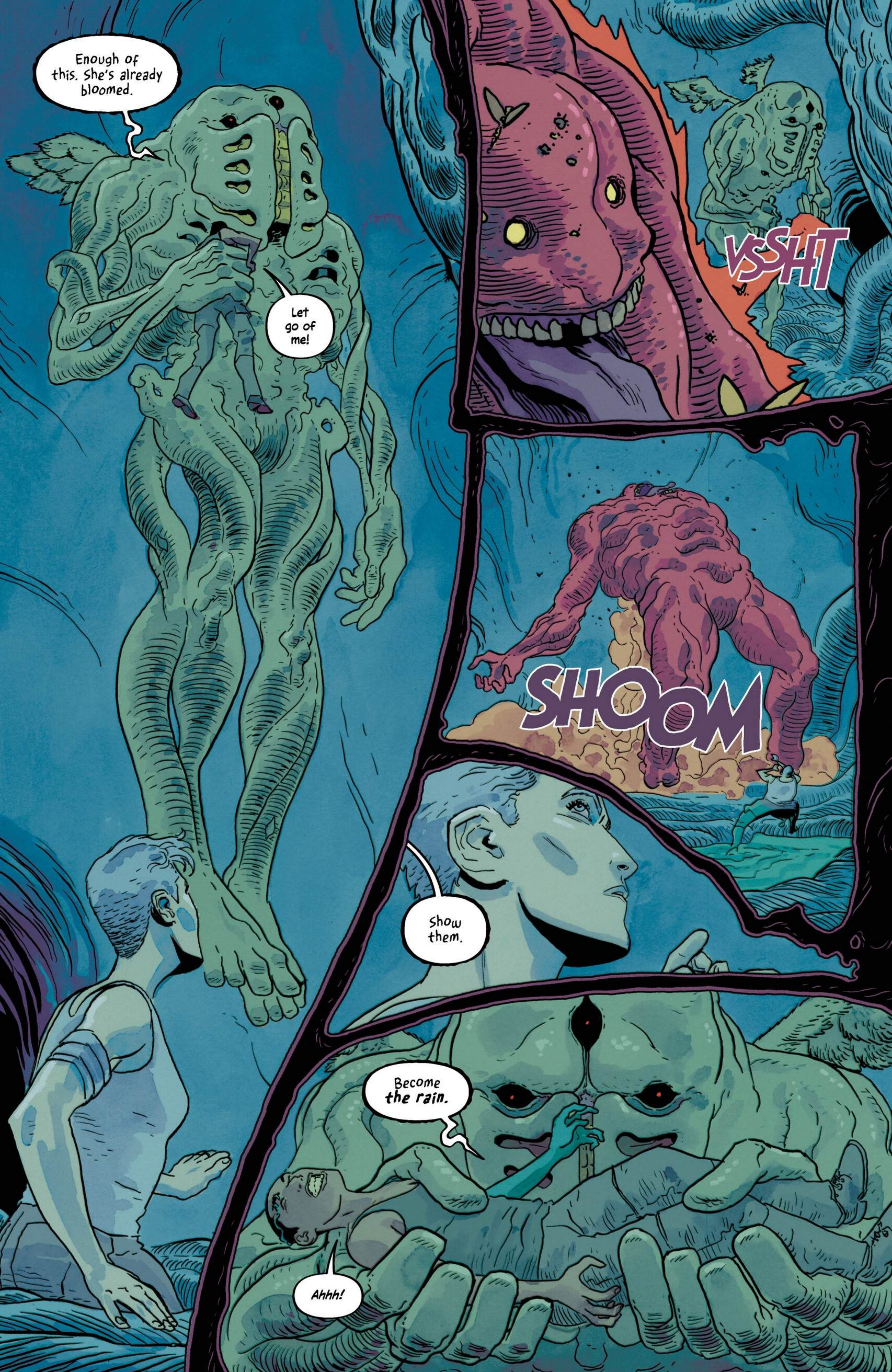
Show them.

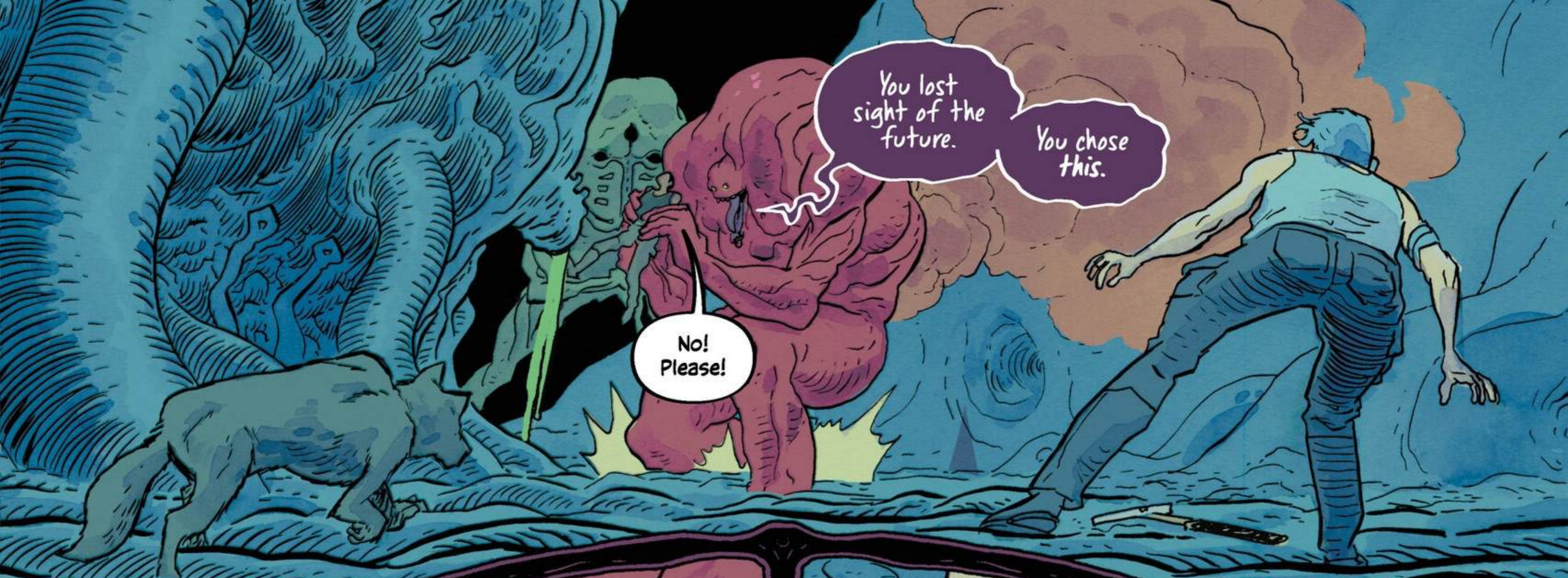
Become the rain.

Ahhh!

VS HIT

SHOOM





You lost sight of the future.

You chose this.

No! Please!



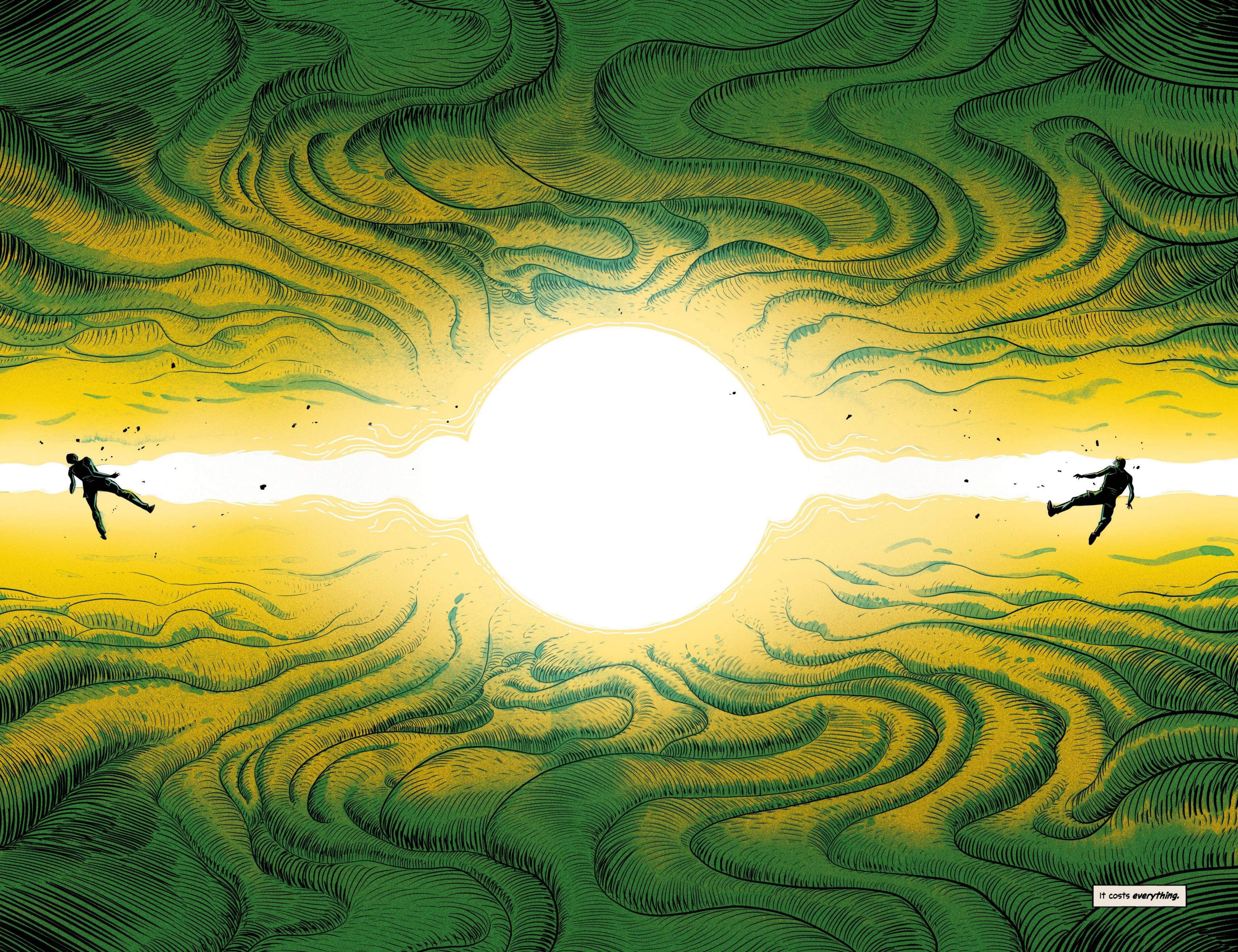
I remind myself it's learned.

I feel her helplessness wash over me.

And take direct action.

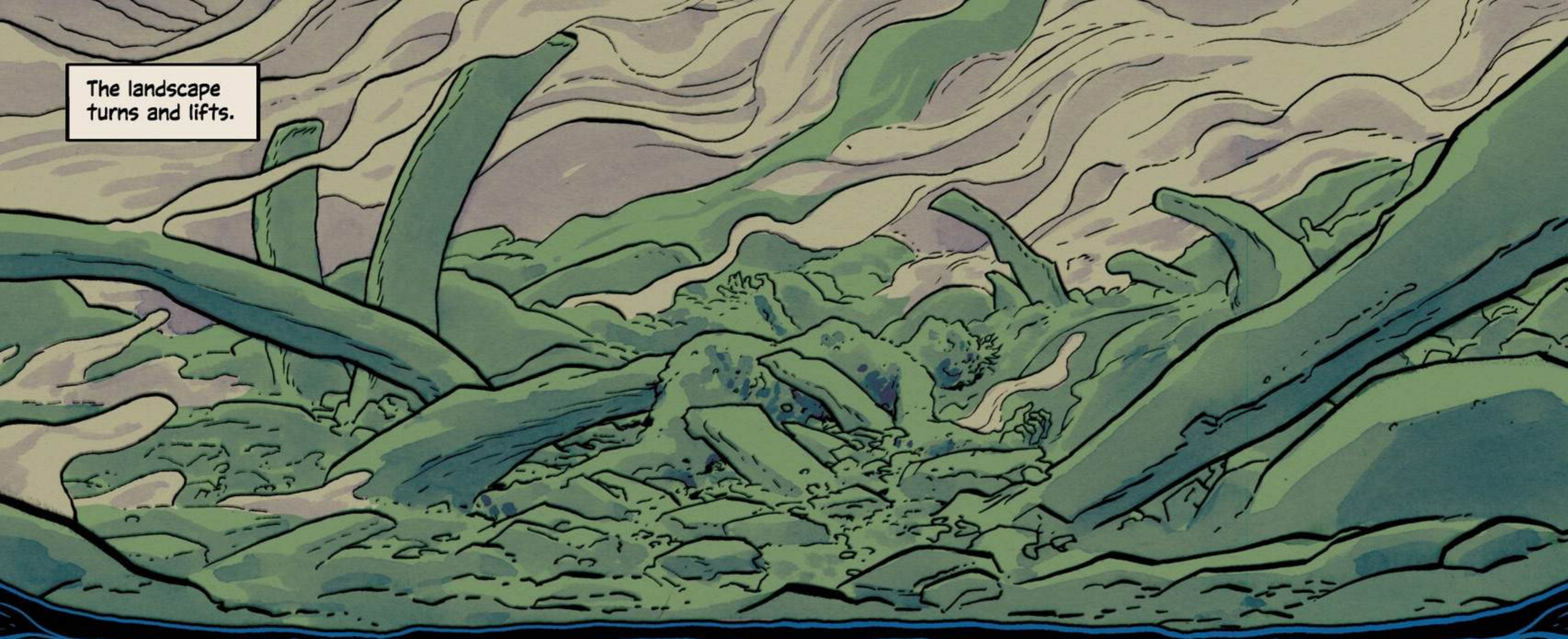


SLAP



It costs *everything*.

The landscape
turns and lifts.



Time tilts and deforms
under my diligent hand.

I'm alone again among
the obscenities.

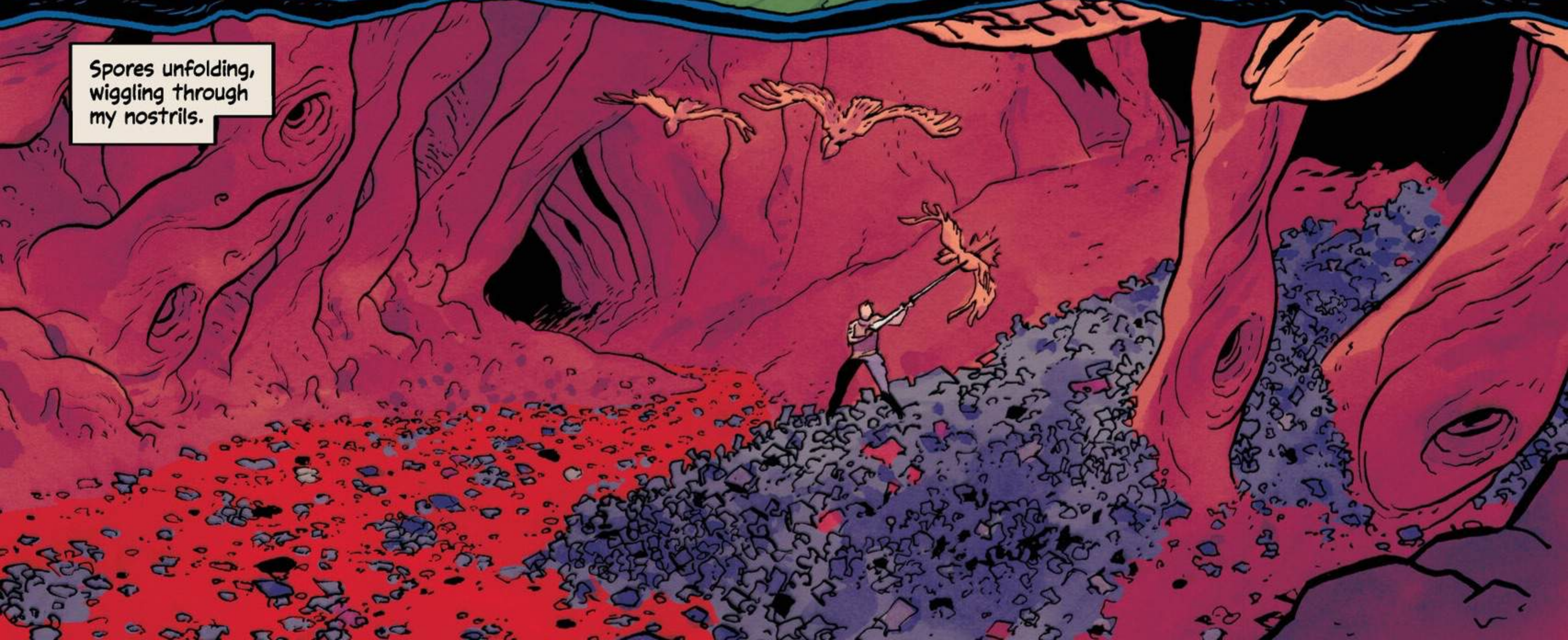


Changing in
microscopic
ways.



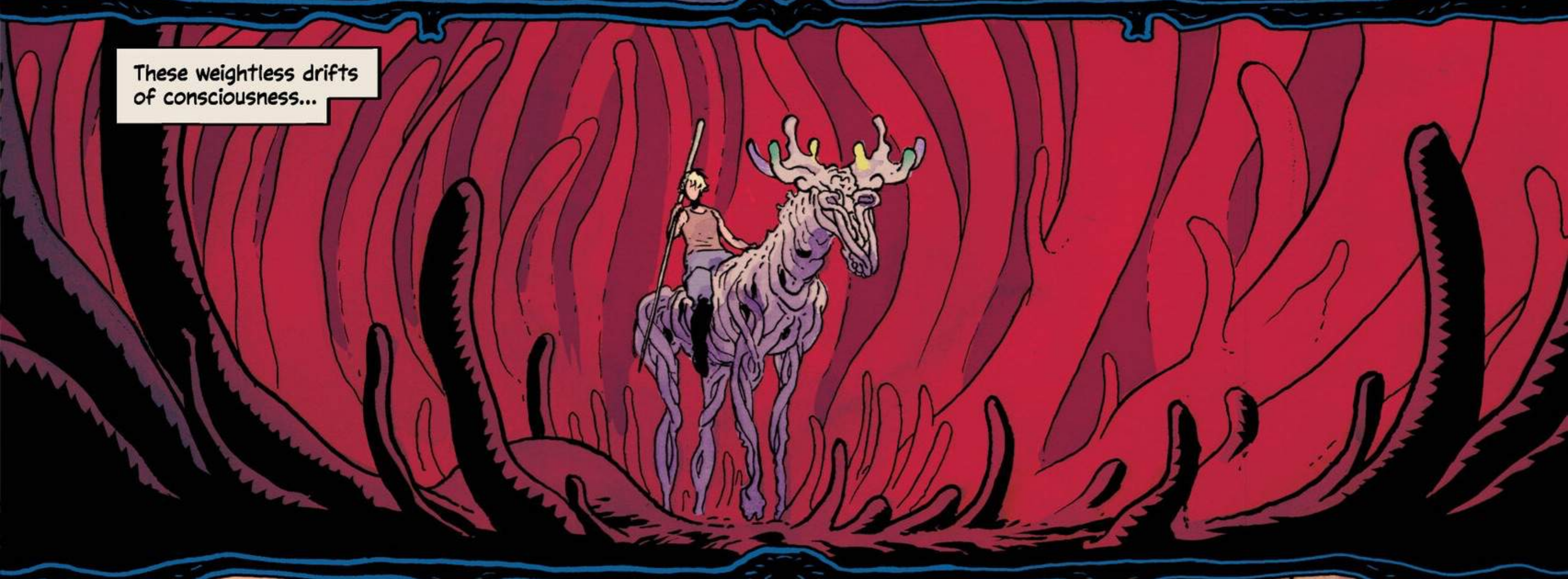
First it feels like a
pin-prick. A red dot
on my fingertip.

Spores unfolding,
wiggling through
my nostrils.

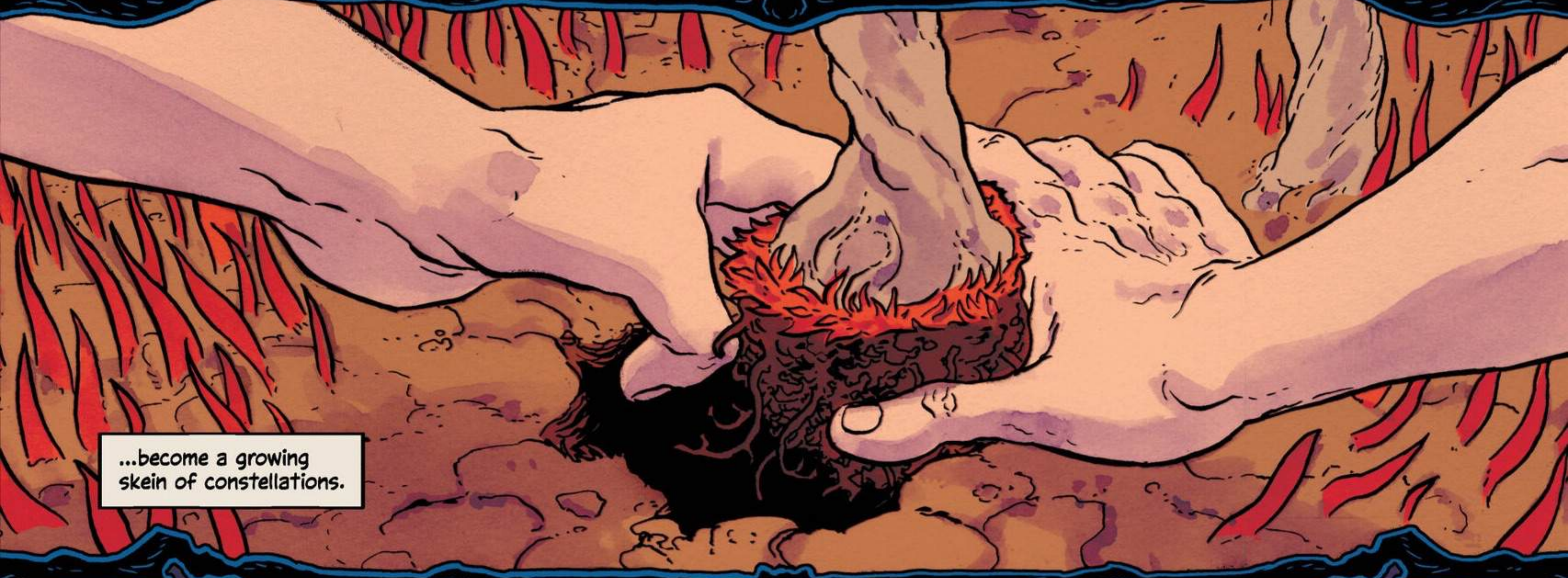


A man with blonde hair, wearing a simple tunic, is in a dark cave. He holds a long spear. In the background, a small campfire burns under a simple tripod shelter. The cave walls are jagged and dark, with a red, glowing vein of light or blood running along the right side.

Dancing and swishing
through the darkness
of my bloodstream.

A man is riding a reindeer through a vast, red, wavy landscape that resembles a dream or a subconscious space. The reindeer has large, multi-colored antlers. The man holds a spear. The background is a deep red with vertical, wavy lines and dark, shadowy shapes.

These weightless drifts
of consciousness...

A giant, pale hand reaches down from the top, holding a glowing, orange-red orb. The hand is set against a background of orange and red, with many small, red, flame-like shapes scattered around. The scene has a dreamlike, ethereal quality.

...become a growing
skein of constellations.

A man with blonde hair, wearing a red fur cloak and a dark tunic, is in a dark, industrial landscape. He is holding a glowing orb. In the background, there are structures resembling barbed wire and a small building. The overall tone is dark and mysterious.

Germes from other eras.
Germes of larger stories.

The essence fades.
Then explodes in a
fit of fury.



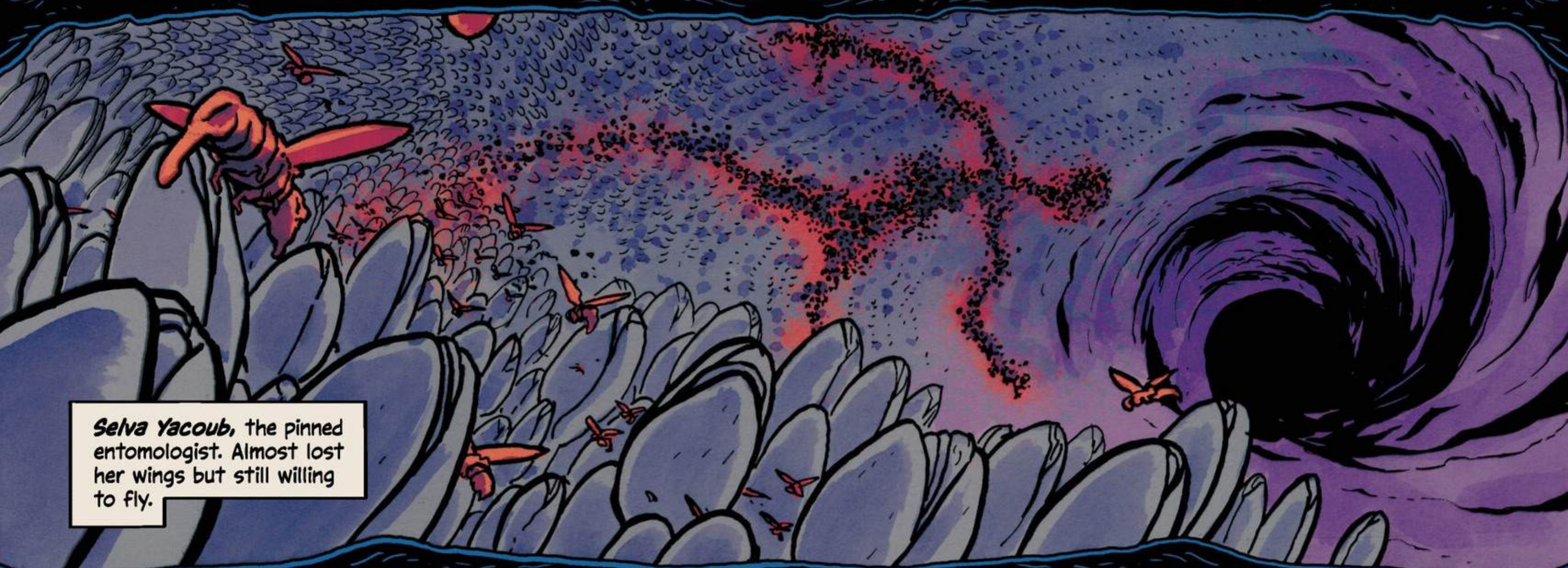
I'm pierced by a sudden realization.

Alone, we have no reason to live. We can't.



Mimicking the natural processes of life...

...the collective gestates in my skull.



Selva Yacoub, the pinned entomologist. Almost lost her wings but still willing to fly.



Ranger Robinson, the man who became the sun-sore.

Ranger Young, the spores in Galko's bloodstream. Will I ever see my good boy again?



Harold Chrichton, the lost mountaineer trampled by hooves and hinges.



Edwin and Aldous Hall, intrepid explorers from another world. Echoes of simpler times.



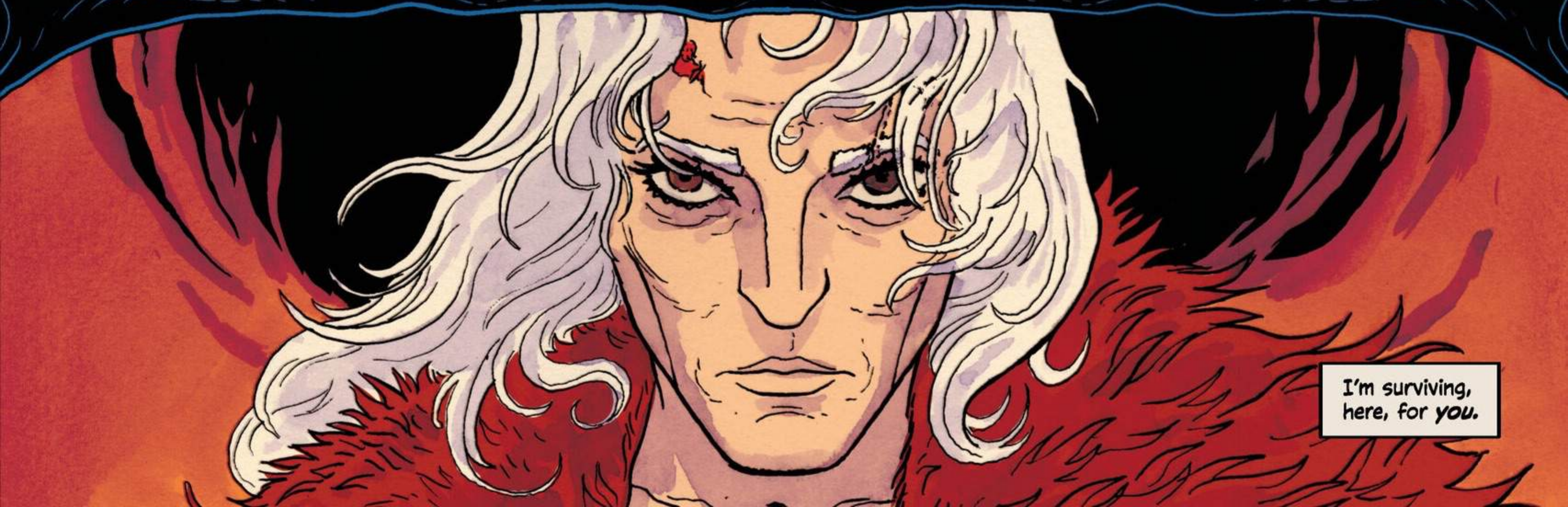
Abby Burrows, the devout tragedy. I know you're still out there. I fear what you've become.



And *Eric and Teagan Johansson*.



Innocent in every sense of the word. Spared of the world's decay but also victims of it.



I'm surviving, here, for you.



I slowly fold myself
like a muscle against
the uneven bones at
my back.

I press my flesh against the
bitter terrain and lose sight
of myself.

My mind idles on the tortured
industrialist **Zara McQueen**.
Deep-sea diver stained with oil...

...I hope you found the
means to absolve yourself.



The coral bleaches, the sea
corrodes, the fields blight...



...and the world goes on.

A close-up of a woman's face, partially submerged in water. Her right eye is visible, looking directly at the viewer. Her mouth is open, revealing a grotesque, multi-lipped, and tentacle-like interior. Bubbles are rising from the water around her face.

I'm left tangled
in the neglect...

...migrated into a gleaming
wasteland devoid of familiar
categories.

Somehow knowing
years passed in my
absence.

A wide shot of a man with curly hair, wearing a blue tank top and dark pants, wading in a vast, featureless ocean under a pale, overcast sky. The water is a deep, textured blue.

I'm dependent on
this miserable place.



It is my curse
to stay *here*.

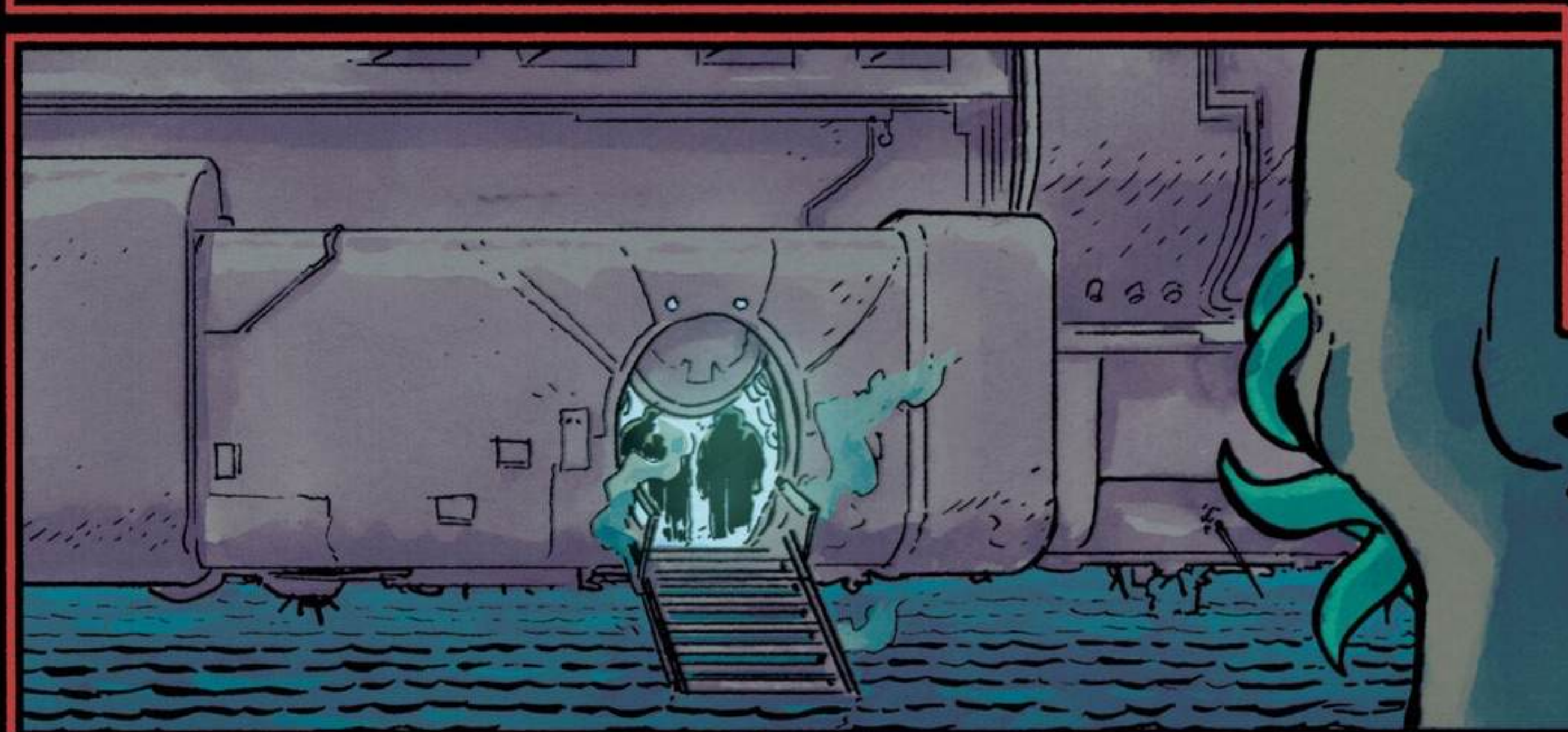
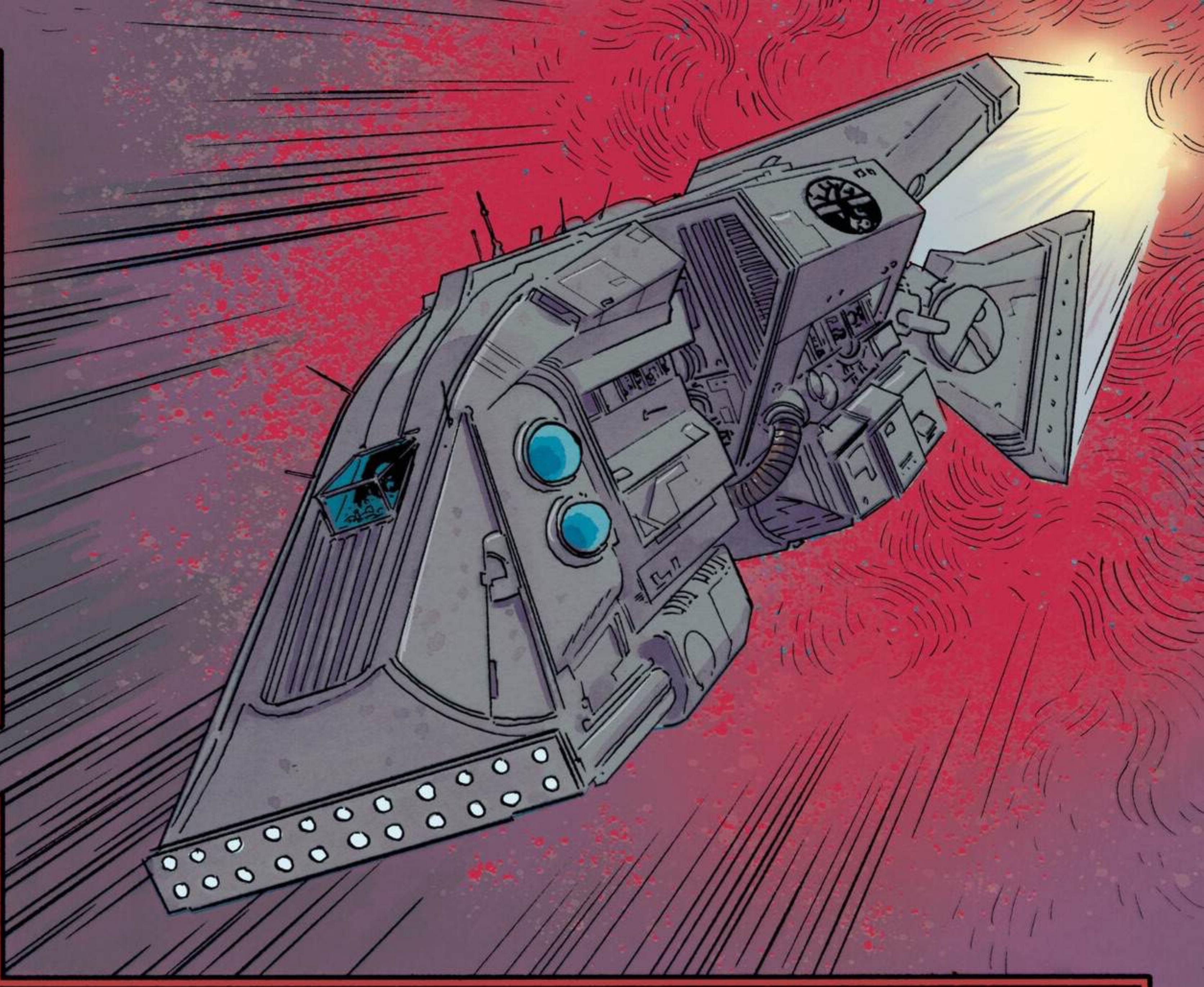
A close-up of a woman's face, similar to the first panel. Her right eye is visible, looking directly at the viewer. Her mouth is open, revealing a grotesque, multi-lipped, and tentacle-like interior. Bubbles are rising from the water around her face.

Like a cow
in the field.

Bearing
witness...

...to *what*
we've done.





S.I.N.E.W. VESSEL YOG-8

06.10.41

EPIDEMIOLOGIST CONRAD: STATUS REPORT.

We found *SUBJECT ZX-9* in the wake of a sinkhole emergence. Another five-mile hole punched in the planet. Another set of tectonic plates just... cut through. The resulting centrifugal shift created a tsunami that pummeled the west coast of British Columbia. Putting out the fires but drowning everything else. Billions dead. ZX-9 is the *only* survivor.

ZX-9 remembers nothing. She speaks in cryptic half-thoughts. She has experienced a profound loss and seems...shaken by the state of the planet. This appears connected to the contamination in her scalp. An entirely novel strain of effervescent milkweed species has taken root. A six inch tuber penetrated her skull. It's perplexing to see her alive in this state. Her left arm suffered blunt force amputation 3 inches down her forearm. The resulting appendage is a tangle of vines and weeds. Various parasitic genealogies in a knotted mess. Each time we've tried to sample the plant flesh, ZX-9 grows irate. Further sedation or prolonged stasis may be required for further study.

While the rest of the crew seem thrilled with our new passenger, I find it demoralizing. I cannot keep my mind from straying to the sinkhole that just opened. This newly diseased human isn't evolution. It couldn't be. She makes me sick. I had the same feeling as we touched down in Canada. I looked out the window of my cabin to witness a towering creature lumbering through the surf. A giant of considerable bulk. Its flesh was lined with scales and seeping sores. It wore a crown of decay as it limped along. Tiamut?

Nothing matters anymore. Our destiny is annihilation. Our refuge will soon disappear like a puddle in the sun. We are nothing but a lost lifeboat. At the mercy of the storm. Our kind is going extinct. It's best to put the crew out of their misery before desperation takes hold.

Best to start
with *her*.

I see the
truth now.

Subject ZX-9
is a virus.

She is our
extinction.

ZAC THOMPSON is a multidisciplinary writer from Prince Edward Island, Canada. He is best known for his work at Marvel Entertainment on titles like *Ka-Zar: Lord of the Savage Land* and *The Marvelous X-Men*. His debut original comic series, *The Dregs*, was called “lowbrow brilliant” by *New York Magazine*. In 2022, Thompson’s original screenplay *The Replacer* was selected for production financing from Telefilm Canada. His other comic book credits include *Batman: The Brave and the Bold* for DC Comics, *The Body Trade* at Mad Cave Studios, *Cemetery Kids Don’t Die* at Oni Press, and *Blow Away* at BOOM! Studios. When Zac’s not out in the woods foraging for mushrooms, you can find him at the cinema or walking his dog Astra.

HAYDEN SHERMAN is an award-winning comic artist whose work includes *Detective Comics*, *Dark Spaces: Dungeon*, and *Predator vs. Wolverine*. They’re a lover of sci-fi and fantasy who’s very grateful to be drawing spaceships and cowboys for a living.

JIM CAMPBELL is one of the comics industry’s busiest letterers, whose work currently appears in UK anthology *2000 A.D.* every week and in many fine books from BOOM Studios, Dark Horse, Image, Mad Cave, Oni, Titan, Vault, and more. He lives, works, and very occasionally sleeps in a small English market town with a nice pub at the end of the road.



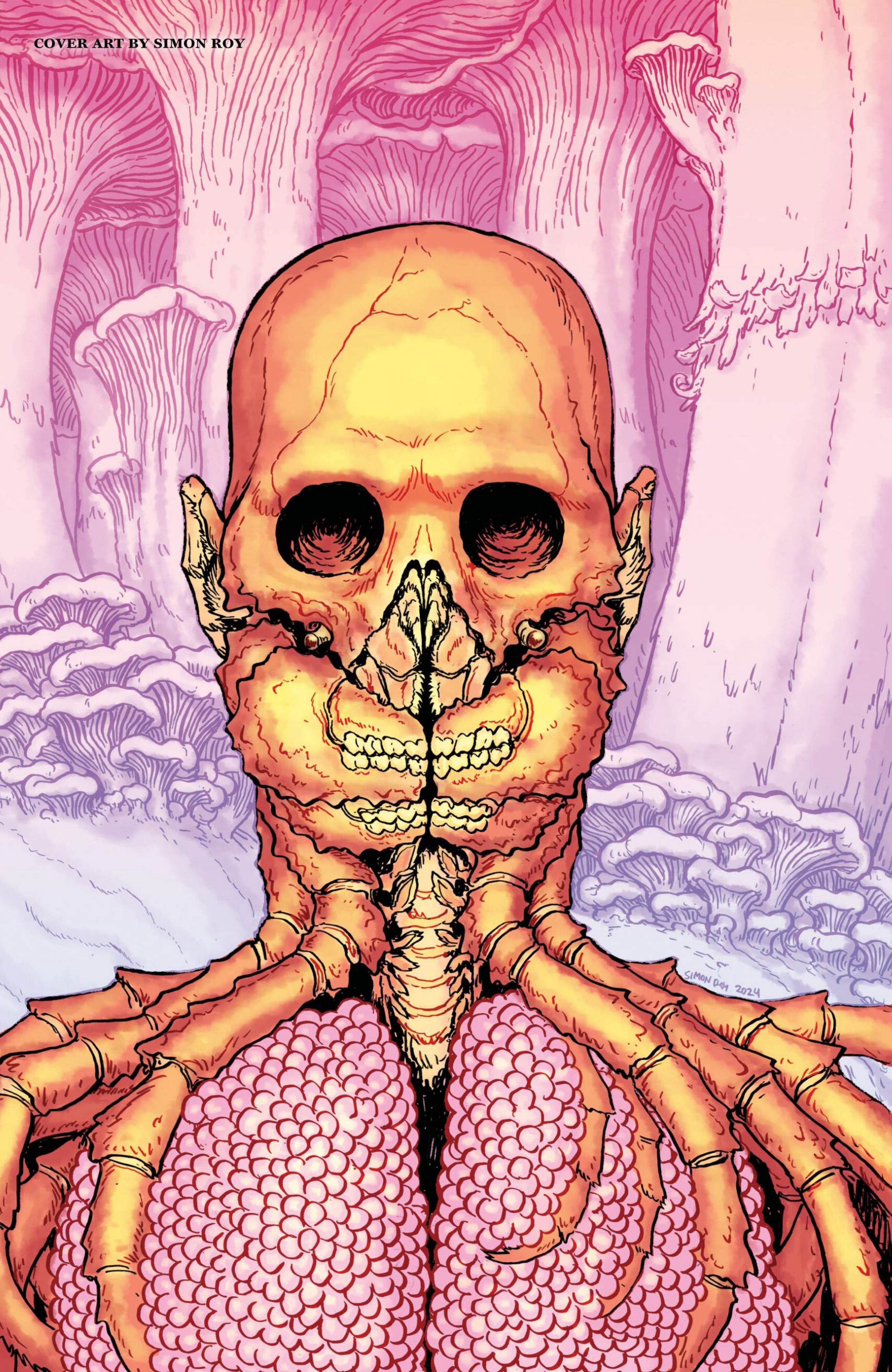
S . I . N . E . W .

COVER ART BY ALISON SAMPSON



SAMPSON '24





COVER ART BY ALEX ECKMAN-LAWN



COLORING THE UNBEING

I color in 3 stages. First, I flat the page digitally. Then I print just the inks at 50% opacity on a 9"x12" sheet of watercolor paper and paint the page out monochromatically with watercolor (or ink wash, but I tend to enjoy the color for the next step). Then I scan in the new tonal painting, and combine it (as a Linear Burn layer) with the flattened digital file. From there I paint and tweak as needed to get things where I want them. This is all done in CMYK format, because I find that color range more personally enjoyable to work with, and it means there are no tradeoffs when the book goes to print.

-Hayden Sherman 04/22/25



WRITING THE UNBEING

The first seeds of *Into the Unbeing* were sown in the valleys of British Columbia, Canada. I used to hike deep through the province's rainforests. On those hikes I would often pause to take in the beauty. I'd stop and stare at the mountains or the trees. I'd lose myself in the landscape, only to lose my balance as a rock slid out from under my foot. Suddenly I'd be pulled back into reality. This happened so many times that I'd often think about tripping and falling into the mouth of a cave and just . . . disappearing. That thought, that feeling, was the seedling of the book you're holding.

But *Into the Unbeing* really bloomed in 2021 as I drove across Canada. On the first leg of the drive, BC and Alberta were dealing with insane wildfires. Ash came through my air-conditioning vents as I drove through the winding mountain highways. After 5 hours I stopped for fuel. While pumping gas, I watched people across the street sitting on a cafe patio eating and drinking as ash rained down. Each person was seemingly oblivious to the blazing red sky above. The wildfires were just a few miles away. I wanted to scream for them to run. I wanted to panic. But I felt utterly alone in my concern.

Just days later another small BC town, Lytton, burned to the ground. I read the news as I drove across the vast open plains of the prairies. I stared out at the endless stretch and found nothing to greet me. It was unsettling; it was like being on another planet. Each time I reached a new province, I began to fully comprehend the vast and sprawling nature of Canada. I often found myself parking my car and staring at the landscape. And, every time, it stirred something inside me.

When I finally reached the other side of the country, I began thinking of that feeling. The sensation of bearing witness. A hallmark of cosmic horror and what became the mission statement of my scripts to Hayden. Channeling the work of Caspar David Friedrich and taking notes from German Romanticism's *Rückenfigur*, I approached my scripts like I was describing a landscape. I wanted the characters and readers to be confronted with that staggering divinity of a massive, ancient space, channeling the feeling of the sublime. Something so big, it exceeds our ability to comprehend it. It escapes our power of judgment, but to borrow from Immanuel Kant, it also stirs something innate inside us. The sublime in nature, stirring the sublime in us. That is the feeling of . . . unbeing. Or at least it is for me.

With that visual North Star, the series' first-person-plural POV was born. I knew the book wouldn't work unless you saw something stir in each of the main characters. For that reason, the book you're holding in your hands was very difficult to write. Each time I sat down to script I became a different person. I bore witness to incomprehensible landscapes and I arrived at new questions; I came to new (often disturbing) conclusions.

I hope that the variety of POVs on our weird, sprawling corpse leave you with your own questions. I hope that if you look long enough . . . you'll also find your own conclusions.

-Z 04/22/25



S . I . N . E . W .

FIND YOURSELF IN ITS INNARDS.

For centuries The Unbeing, a seemingly malevolent corpse, has swallowed all who dare tread near its sprawling mass. Now, the last survivors of a climate science team are trapped inside with only a mysterious humanoid known as The Stranger to guide them out. This incomprehensible Stranger claims to be a 19th-century British explorer. It claims to know the way back to the surface. It claims a new world is on its way. Perhaps if you listen closely, you can hear it breathing. But what is the cost of this new world? And who will be left to live in it?

Picking up directly after the events of Part One, the remaining survivors form a distrustful and desperate team. Together they must journey across impossible landscapes and contend with their own changing biology in order to find their way back home. As their journey into the Unbeing deepens, the series' most disturbing questions are answered . . . but the answers offer little comfort.

Into the Unbeing is an adventure into the sublime from the critically acclaimed writer Zac Thompson (*Cemetery Kids Don't Die*, *Alien: Romulus*) and visionary artist Hayden Sherman (*Batman: Dark Patterns*, *Absolute Wonder Woman*).

"Pushes boundaries mixing terror, human frailty, and environmental dread, this series cements itself as a must-read for horror fans." - AIPT

"No comic has ever used vastness of scale to deliver unease like this."
- Lonnie Nadler (*The Sickness*)

"Offers '80s-style sci-fi horror for the climate change era."
- Boing Boing

"A harrowing journey full of twists and turns, switching character perspectives with each chapter to give the chills a strong emotional foundation." - AV Club



COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS / Horror / Science Fiction / Occult & Supernatural

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

